

let's put
the claw

McGILL DAILY

back in
Santa Claus

Vol. 54 — No. 56

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1964

3 cents

CAST SELECTED

R & W gets underway

This year's Red and White Revue moves into the Christmas vacation on a more than optimistic note. Not only is the script well on its way to being completed, but the cast, rehearsed yesterday by Producer Marty Kerner, shows every indication of being one of the most talented and experienced ever to be assembled, he claims.

All six of the leads have had experience in previous Red and White Revues. Returning from last year's production are Linda Buzzell, Dave Francis, Billy Walker, Gordon Thomson and Bob Singer.

Linda will be remembered as Maid Marion in "The Man in the Green Flannel Suit", while Dave Francis played Lord Loot and Billy Walker, Little John in the same production. Gordon Thomson and Bob Singer, two of last year's Gung-Ho Gang, have graduated to lead roles this year.

The sixth lead goes to a member of the 1963 Red and White Revue "Something for Nothing". Linda Beth Simon, perhaps better known as Raoul Honette's daughter, has returned to the Red and White after a year's absence.

In addition to the main roles, six cameo roles have been created to display the talents of six specific girls. All six have had ex-

perience in the Red and White and their roles are extremely vital to this year's show. The girls are Riva Cantor, Sandy Teitlebaum, Marlene Stotland, Eileen Lendman, Bonnie Brotman, and Toby Starr.

On the dancing side, the Red and White has as its lead female dancer Judy Zimmerman, another veteran of two years. The other dancers will be Ruth Beer, Gail Corneil, Shawn O'Brien, Margie Parkow, Sandra Roll, and Rose Ann Sankoff.

The female chorus will be Phyllis Angel, Ellen Hemovitch, Karen Kates, Ellen Kucharsky, Jane Lavery, Marilyn McConnie, Anne Surchin, Sharon Sutherland, Liz Walker, and Marlene Zornberg.

The male chorus will comprise Robert Gould, John Kotrly, Bill Leiber, Dick Shaw, Mickey Siroka, John Snipper, Peter Thom, Bill Turville, and Bernie Yablon.

Mirza and SGWU grad to wed in Divinity Hall

Students' Society President Saeed Mirza will marry Elizabeth Asbury, a graduate of Sir George Williams University, on December 26 in Divinity Hall.

Mirza, who is now completing work on his Ph.D. in Civil Engineering, became the first foreign student ever elected President of the Students' Society last spring. He will be the only president to marry while in office for at least ten years, possibly in history.

gian, where she served as News Editor (1962-63) and Managing Editor (1963-64).

Mirza, who has served as President of the International Students' Association and Postgrad Representative to the SEC during his years at McGill, is on leave from the Pakistani government.



SAEED MIRZA

Miss Asbury is taking a one-year teacher-training course at Macdonald College this year. While at Sir George, where she received a B.A. degree last year, she majored in Economics and Political Science, and was named to the Dean's honour role for her two final years. Her extracurricular activities included the Geor-



ELIZABETH ASBURY

He entered the civil works department there after receiving his undergraduate degree from the University of Karachi and placing first in all of Pakistan in a series of competitive exams. He worked for the Public Works Department as an engineer until he left Pakistan in 1960 to study at McGill on a Commonwealth Scholarship.

ISA PRESIDENT TAKES UN POST

Nandasiri Jasentuliyana, President of the International Students' Association, is leaving McGill to accept a position in the Air and Space Law Department at the United Nations.

Currently on a visit to Ceylon, he will assume his post at the U.N. in January.

As well as being President of the ISA, Jasentuliyana was McGill's delegate to the University Model United Nations, honorary member of the Scarlet Key and a member of the Editorial Board of the Daily. He was also one of the initiators of the first International Festival which took place last month.

Jasentuliyana came to McGill last year for a two year course in the Air and Space Law Institute, and immediately became active in student affairs. He was president of the Jay-Cees in their first year of operation, McGill delegate to the University of Manitoba Conference, and the Laurentian Conference, and worked in many ISA activities.

Metallurgist Paul Tichauer awarded Rhodes Scholarship

Paul Tichauer, B.Eng. V, has been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship for postgraduate studies in metallurgy at Oxford University for the next two years.

Tichauer, 20, is a member of the outgoing Students' Executive Council. He was one of two Quebec students to win the award this year.



PAUL TICHAUER

He was nominated for the scholarship by Associate Engineering Dean H. H. Yates, chairman of the metallurgy department, earlier this year and interviewed by the Rhodes Scholarship committee Friday afternoon. He learned Saturday that he had been awarded the scholarship.

Tichauer, who graduated from Westmount High School, is a year younger than the other members of his engineering class. He has had consistently high marks at McGill, and is a University Scholar and member of the engineering honour society, as well as of the Scarlet Key.

His extracurricular activities this year include the SEC Engineering representative and Clubs and Societies director; Blood Drive vice-chairman; the championship Met V football team; and the Redman Band executive.

Tichauer is the second McGill student in two years to be awarded a Rhodes Scholarship. Ralph Walker, who graduated with first-class honours in philosophy last spring, is now studying at Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship, worth 900 pounds (\$2,700) a year for two years.

Plumbers to hold Ball next month at Queen E

Although Engineers are proud of their individuality, when it comes to the Plumbers' Ball they willingly consent to mingle with students of other faculties.

Tickets for the ball, which will be held on January 15 in the Grand Salon of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, will be on sale all this week, and can be purchased either in the New Engineering Building Lobby from 1-2 pm, or at the Union Box office from 9-5 pm. A special booth will be set up in the Arts Building today only.

Paul Lowe, President of the Engineering Undergraduate Society said, "Although the ball is organized by Engineers, it is definitely not limited to just Engineers."

Lowe stressed the fact that the dance will be held in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. "We feel that this change will be a big step towards making the evening truly memorable, and not just another prom." Previously the ball was held in the Currie Gym.

Tickets purchased this week will make the owner eligible to win in the Dream Date Draw. The person who holds the lucky ticket will receive an all-expenses paid evening comprised of chauffeured transportation by Harold Cummings Ltd., tuxedo from McLaughlin and Harrison, corsage compliments of Louis Quinze, coiffure for his date at Maxime and Michel and dinner for four at Ruby-Foo's.

As in the past, the various departments of the Engineering Faculty will compete for the C. M. Anson trophy, which is awarded to the department presenting an exhibit which best combines ingenuity and showmanship.

The Plumbers' Ball will launch Engineering Week, a project undertaken by the E.U.S. to present highlights of the Engineering field to the campus.

Molson Hall residents pilfer Christmas tree in moonlight caper

Saturday afternoon the residents of Molson Hall decided that their stairwell would look better if garnished with a twenty-five foot Christmas tree.

As one of the students had noticed just such an ornament on the parking lot of the Montreal Neurological Institute, the Committee for Procuring a Christmas Tree dispatched a team to that spot at 2 am Sunday morning.

They dragged the tree down University Street as far as Douglas Hall, whereupon they solicited the help of a delivery boy in a passing truck from a local pizza parlour.

With his help, they arrived at their residence, and two hours later had succeeded in planting the tree in the stairwell.

Molson Hall's hopes for a merry Christmas were shattered Monday when six men from Buildings and Grounds, following a trail of pine needles which had been amateurishly left along the route, removed the appropriated tree.



LAWRENCE LEGER

Lawrence Leger, 22, a former producer of the Red & White Revue who graduated from McGill last spring, was killed Friday night when he lost control of his car on the Trans Canada Highway. The funeral was yesterday afternoon.

Leger, who had been working for Shell Oil as a management trainee since graduation, was returning to his Baie d'Urfe home.

While at McGill he was chairman of the 1962 Awards Banquet and Producer of "Something for Nothing", the highly successful Red & White Revue '63.

He graduated with a B.A. degree and returned to McGill for evening courses in the extension department this year.

today

FLYING CLUB: Meeting for all members and for any students interested in the "Principles of Flight" at 1 pm in McConnell Eng. Building Rm. 210 to discuss ground school program and future activities.

DUPLICATE BRIDGE CLUB: Final tournament of 1964, 7:15 Union Cafeteria.

AUGUSTANA HOUSE: 5 pm Vespers.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: Bible study in W115 and A235 at 1 pm.

NEWMAN CLUB: Mass at 1 pm. Christmas Carol Social at 8 pm. Everyone is welcome. Meeting at Newman Club and proceeding to places around campus to collect for the Xmas basket campaign.

CHORAL SOCIETY: Final executive meeting at 6:05 pm. Attendance compulsory. Check Choral's notice board for location.

DEUTSCHER STUDENTENKREIS: Practice of Xmas Carols in Cue Room. 1-2 pm.

THURSDAY DEC. 17

STUDENT PHYSICS SOCIETY: Lecture about "Physics in Europe" by Prof. M.A. Preston of McMaster University at 1 pm in Rm. 106 of PSC.

ISA COUNCIL MEETING: All club presidents or representatives must attend election of President. Slide show of festival flag parade Union at 7 pm.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP: 1 pm tape (part 4) on Personal Evangelism by Paul Little in W115.

NEWMAN CLUB: Mass at 1 pm.

FRIDAY DEC. 18

NEWMAN CLUB: Mass at 5:15 pm preceded by the "Advent Wreath Ceremony" hymns and pertinent readings from the Scriptures.

MOC: Deadline for reservations at Shawbridge house during holidays. Call Paul, 844-4668, Rich. 288-5342, or leave word at Athletics office in Gym.

RUSSIAN CIRCLE: Informal Christmas Dance in Walter M. Stewart Room at 8 pm. Admission 50¢ per person. Russian food, all welcome.

CERCLE FRANÇAIS: Soirée socio-culturelle à laquelle il y aura une conférence, du vin et du fromage, de la danse, et beaucoup de monde. Veuillez noter que le local est maintenant la fraternité Sigma Chi, 3458 rue Peel. Nous avons fait ce changement afin de nous rapprocher du centre de la ville. Seuls les membres du Cercle Français y sont invités.

RED & WHITE REVUE COMMITTEE: There will be a meeting for the entire committee excluding east at 3 pm in the Cue Room. Attendance compulsory.

PREINDS OF SNCC: Organizational meeting 1 pm in Club Room.

CHINESE STUDENTS SOCIETY: Xmas Party in the Union Lounge at 8 pm. All welcome.

NEWMAN CLUB: Newman Club still open tonight. Christmas Dance with a punch in it, at 8 pm at 3484 Peel Street. All welcome.

LIBERAL CLUB: All invited to TGIF in the Union Ballroom at 1 pm. A dart game featuring J.F. Dief as target will be played.

SATURDAY DEC. 19

SCM: Program planning workshop for spring program at 10 am. Lunch and Supper at 3625 Aylmer.

SOCIOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY SOCIETY: Xmas party 9 pm. Pick up information forms from Secretary on 7th floor Leacock Building as soon as possible.

POLISH CLUB: Holiday Party at 8:30 pm in Union Lounge. \$1.00 for non-members and 75¢ for members. All welcome, refreshments.

MALAYSIAN STUDENTS ASSOC.: Xmas dinner and dance, 7 pm, 3625 Aylmer St.

MOC: Truck will be leaving Roddick Gates to go to Shawbridge at 10 am. Everyone is reminded that the house is open during the holidays. Bus fare from the Dorchester terminal of PTC is \$2.25.

DEUTSCHER STUDENTENKREIS: Xmas Party in Goethe Haus, 3418 Drummond at 8 pm.

SUNDAY DEC. 20

CHORAL SOCIETY: Concert for the patients of Montreal General Hospital. Be there in proper outfits, if possible at 2 pm, main lobby on North side of Hospital.

MONDAY DEC. 21

CUCND: 11 am at The Montreal Peace Centre, 3510 Ste. Famille meeting to discuss National Conference and current activities.

DEC. 28, 29, 30

NEWMAN CLUB: Study conference for limited number of Roman Catholic and Lutheran students, sponsored jointly by the Newman Club and Lutheran Student Foundation.

THURSDAY DEC. 31

ISA: New Year's Eve Dance in Union Ballroom.

Announcement

Auditions for the Players' Club spring production, which will be three plays by Bruce MacKay, will be held on January 13 and 14 in the Union at 7:30.

New windows to be presented in ceremony at Redpath Hall

The new stained glass windows erected in Redpath Hall will be formally presented to the University in a ceremony tomorrow at 12:30 pm.

Howard I. Ross, Chancellor of McGill, will accept the windows from the Hon. G.B. Foster, President of the Canada and Dominion Sugar Co. Ltd., in the ceremony at Redpath Hall.

The windows, commissioned by the Canada and Dominion Sugar Co. Ltd., bear the shields of 24 universities of Canada and the British Isles.

The official crests of the universities are distributed on the windows as follows:

North-East Tower: McMaster, Saskatchewan, Laval, Kings Col-

lege, British Columbia, Toronto, Bishop's, New Brunswick, Edinburgh, St. Andrew's, and London.

South-East Tower: Alberta, Montreal, Mount Allison, Manitoba, Western Ontario, Queen's, Oxford, Aberdeen, Durham, Cambridge, Glasgow, Dublin, and Eire.

The windows, designed and made by Theo Lubbers of Montreal, were prepared in collaboration with Affleck, Desbarats, Dimakopoulos, Lebensold and Sise, architects.

TRAVEL WEEK

The Travel Week Program, being held on Jan. 18, 19, 21 and 22, needs students with slides of places to visit in Europe and elsewhere. Those with slides please call Ruth Isakson, RI 4-0904 or J. Zikman, 738-0612.



I was asleep to Tampax



Then I woke up!

You've heard the phrase . . . "be the first in your neighborhood to use it"?

I guess I was the last in my group to use Tampax internal sanitary protection.

The trouble was, I thought pads were a necessary bother. Why not? I'd never tried another way.

Then one time when I was complaining about those four or five days that happen every month, one of my friends let me have the straight facts.

"Look," she said, "why add to your problems? With Tampax, you feel almost as you do on normal days. Trying it doesn't commit you to it, you know. But you owe it to yourself to try Tampax this month."

So I took her advice. And all I have to say is, you won't believe the difference Tampax makes. The most wonderful thing is the personal feeling of cleanliness and confidence it gives me.

Seriously, girls, isn't it about time you woke up to Tampax? Listen to me! A user for two months—and suddenly I'm an authority! Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Barrie, Ontario.



Women's Union holds Careers' Conference

On January 21 the Women's Union will sponsor the second annual Careers' Conference. Designed particularly for the young co-ed who is uncertain of her future after graduation, the Conference will present speakers from every field open to women.

The keynote address and workshops will be held in the Leacock Building following a dinner in Redpath Hall. The guest speaker will be Mrs. Laura Sabia, a McGill graduate and President of the Canadian Federation of University Women.

There will be six workshops—Biological and Chemical Sciences, Physical Sciences, Public and Community Service, Business and Finance, Communications, and Health. These will be conducted simultaneously, but it will be possible to attend more than one division.

The entire project is being organized with the aid of the Alumnae Association. Mrs. A. H. McFarlane and Miss H. Knowles

ISA New Year's Dance

The International Students' Society will hold a New Year's Eve Dance from 9:30 pm - 3 am in the Students' Union.

Tickets for the dance, which will be held on all three floors of the Union, are on sale in the Union Box Office for \$3.50 a couple.

Continuous music provided by the Melotones, a ten-man steel band, and the Caribbean Combo, will be piped into every room. Refreshments will be served.

are working closely with Ruth Thompson, chairman of the Conference, in order to prepare a highly informative programme.

Further information can be obtained from Ruth Thompson or Linda Perley.

NOW ON SALE

1964-65

STUDENT DIRECTORIES

35 cents

AVAILABLE AT:

union box office

arts building

faculty of law

wilson hall

douglas hall

engineering building

3640 university street

3654 drummond street

mcconnell building

leacock building

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS PROGRAM

Applications are called for McGill Delegates to the following conference
(all members of the Students' Society are eligible)

2 delegates

CONFERENCE

ON COMMONWEALTH AFFAIRS
UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA
JANUARY 19-22, 1965

topic

THE MULTI-RACIAL COMMONWEALTH - MYTH OR REALITY?

Applications can be obtained from the SEC Office, Students' Union. Deadline is Friday, December 18, 5 pm.

Bonnie Stern,
External Affairs,
SEC

B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation

proudly presents

NEIL SIMON'S

BROADWAY & MOVIE HIT

Come Blow Your Horn

Saturday, January 23 & Monday, January 25

General Admission \$2.75 — Registered Members \$1.25

Tickets available at Hillel House, 3460 Stanley
and at the Union Box Office

GO
Collect \$300
from Provincial
Government

Register at McGill
State religion;
be specific
(advance 3 spaces)

Befriend poor starving
McGill-dropout poet
(advance him \$5)



Become a versatile,
well-rounded individual
through participation
in extracurricular
activities
(do not pass, do not collect
sufficient credits)

Go to Sir George,
go directly to Sir George
(do not pass Go,
do not collect \$300)

Re-enter McGill as
graduate student.

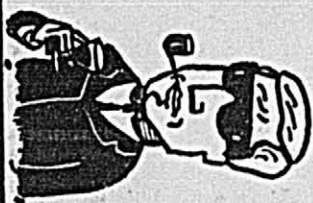
GO TO
HELL!



Go to SEC
(pass buck)

Take a ride on the CPR
Get bombed
in Mount Royal Tunnel
(collect \$20,000 insurance)

Go to Ontario,
collect 10 40-ouncers
(go directly to jail)



Meet girl at fraternity
party, claim you do not
like fraternity parties
(advance)

UNION
GRILLROOM

Just
Visiting

Mcgillopoly

Conscious of the gap left in the
average student's life when the
Daily ceases publication, we are
proud to present this Christmas
Fun Page to keep you occupied
for the next three and a half
weeks.

Mcgillopoly is designed to be
played by from four to 9,738
players. Like many modern par-
lor games, such as Monopoly,
Careers, Diplomacy, and Amer-
ican Foreign Policy, McGillo-
poly is based rather loosely on
a real-life situation.

That situation, needless to say,
is that of day-to-day existence at

one of Montreal's great and
cosmopolitan universities.

HOW TO PLAY:

Fist, rip this page (page 7)
out of your Daily, tearing neatly
along dotted lines.

Glue down intact on fairly
large piece of Canadian beaver-
board, measuring approximately
17 by 8 1/2 inches. (If unavailable,
sheet steel may be substituted.)
Ink in centre area.

Play may now begin in earn-
est. Choose sides. Pick the best
players for your side. This is
very important, as the choosing
up of sides will determine power

NEWSFEATURES

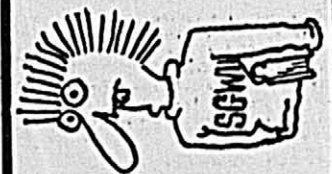
alignments, coalitions, and in-
surrections.

Play begins with a pot of
\$5000, distributed from each
according to his ability to each
according to his needs.

Players may advance counters
by casting dice or by distracting
their opponents, as the case may
be. Scoring is haphazard, if at
all. Hotels may be built only
after a player has four houses
on each of the properties in one
color.

We recommend that play move
clockwise; in fact, we insist
upon it.

Graduate from
Sir George
in 6 months
(go back 1 space)



Move to Westmount,
change your name,
re-enter McGill
(go back 4 spaces)

Join YCL

(advance social status)

ADVANCE PAST
THIS POINT AT
YOUR OWN RISK

You have just won first
prize in a literary contest
(pay out \$100)

Xmas Xword Puzzle

ACROSS

- 1-Saeed Mirza's middle name
- 2-Yuri Gagarin (abbreviation)
- 3-Oh C... (popular song)
- 4-to grid again
- 6-the author of this puzzle
- 7-Omniscient Quakers Of De-
troit (abbr.)
- 8-Molson's (abbr.)
- 10- - - F (funds)

- 11-characteristic of veal cutlets
at Union Cafeteria
- 13-live and l...
- 14-me again
- 15-same as 19 ACROSS
- 16-delirium tremens (sing.)
- 17-what you do in your car
- 18-to compete
- 19-same as 12 DOWN
- 20-the organization to which un-
dergraduate representatives

- shall be elected from the
penultimate class by all the
undergraduate students of
such faculties or schools be-
tween November 20 and De-
cember 10 of each year
- 21-an elevated expressway (New
Yorkese)
- 22-more frequently than some-
times but less than always
- 24-Institute, of Technology in
Toronto (plural).

DOWN

- 1-Myron Galloway's first name
and last initial
- 5-Do not pass this, do not, col-
lect \$200
- 9-"Ol' Miss" (abbr.)
- 12-same as 13 DOWN
- 13-to be in error
- 15-Type of bird, reputed to catch
the worm
- 16-to cast dice (Old English,
pluperfect)
- 17-what you get tried by a jury
of twelve of (sing.)
- 18-to prohibit
- 20-Super-Fratmen Society (abbr.)
- 22-this is also a possibility
- 23-"No shit!" (abbr.)
- 24-UGEQ (plural)
- 26-Super-Dailyite's bird's last
name
- 26-Montreal Neurological Insti-
tute (abbr.)
- 27-man who works for Mad ma-
gazine
- 28-Advertisement (abbr.)
- 29-a super-type cartoon charac-
ter of campus repute

Solution to last year's
puzzle

YUCATANS
ORO ENO
OI IND D
HOLED VI
ON TEPID
O SHR VD
RAE MIL
POTRZEBY

1	M	25	J	H	A	26	M	27	M	28	A	29	D	30
2	Y	G				3	A	N	A	D	A			
4	R	E	5	G	R	I	D							
7	O	Q	O	D										
10	N	S				11	V	E	A	L	Y			
	G					13	E	A	R	N				
						15	E	R	R	R		16	D	T
17	P	A	R	K							18	U	I	E
19	E	A	R								20	S	E	C
21	E	R				22	O	F	T	E	N			
24	R	Y	E	R	S	O	N	S						

Leave Library,
find coat stolen
steal coat of equivalent
value

(go directly to jail)



Advance to Library,
do not remove rubbers,
do not pass guard
at entrance,

(collect \$25 worth of books)

FREE PARKING

(clip out this coupon
and show to Registrar for
official authorization)

DECEMBER 10, 1984

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STAFF FOR THIS ISSUE

I think it was bolivar g. krepps who noted that an editor's job is like santa's: he has to distribute his goodies to their allotted destinations before a deadline... little helpers were marc, judy, ceto, penny, ann, sharon, jorna, sports george, mac (photog george), staff may celebrate the advent of father christmas friday even at 8:30. move over rudolf, this year buffalo pulls the big load.

The Winter of Our Discontent

Christmas is supposed to be a season for nostalgia, and it occurs to us that one institution associated with this time of year is now forever lost. We refer to the lecture on the history of Yuletide observances with which former Principal F. Cyril James traditionally closed the first term of Economics 100. When the half-legendary dissertation was given for the last time two years ago every seat in Moyse Hall was filled half an hour in advance.

Come to think of it, where are the colourful professors of yesteryear? Undoubtedly some of them still survive, and there are still a few of the famous lectures that acquire a reputation transcending the course or department that produces them. Yet we live in an age that does not encourage colourful individualism. The fact of course is visible elsewhere: in the trend from fire-and-brimstone clergy to glorified guidance counsellors, from the "public be damned" of William Henry Vanderbilt to the public-relations conscious businessmen of today, from the idiosyncrasies of a John A. Macdonald to the blandness of the current federal cabinet.

It was in tribute to a vanished era that the recently-opened structure beside the Arts Building was named after Stephen Leacock. Can anyone seriously imagine him giving a lecture there? The carpeted, antiseptic and windowless cubicles, with their air conditioners thundering monotonously from lightless dawn to dusk, recall an insurance company's offices or the waiting room of a fashionable dentist more readily than they suggest an auditorium worthy of a Leacock, a John Culliton, or a Cyril James. A professor delivering his lecture there in the traditional gown would seem as incongruous as Ulysses S. Grant attending a seminar at the Hudson Institute.

There seems to be no easy solution to this sorry decline in campus characters, other than to cherish the few picturesque instructors that remain to us. Yet one untapped resource exists not many blocks from here, in the person of a half-legendary poet-philosopher who recently, to his obvious discomfiture, had to trade the exalted status of a daytime professor for the indignity of instructing part-time students at night school. Let the cry of "Irving saves" refute the claim that the memorable professor is headed for extinction. Shall McGill, of all places, settle for competent and regimented monotony?

The Canadian Question: a useful approach

Amid all that has been said in Canada this year about B and B, perhaps the most significant contribution to its realization may prove to have been the recommendations concerning language teaching made by the Parent Commission and released last week. None of us who passed through the Protestant school system can recall with much enthusiasm the methods by which we were expected to absorb the other Canadian language. One is surprised, to paraphrase Samuel Johnson, not that we learned French so badly, but that we learned it at all.

Undoubtedly there is more to understanding another culture — in the broadest sense of the term — than simply knowing the language, but few would deny that knowledge of the language is the essential first step to understanding and to valuable communication. In a society where at least the university-educated population was effectively bilingual, no one would mourn the absence of such phenomena as bilingual letterheads or the ritual paragraph of the other language customarily inserted in public speeches.

Latent hostility towards the other group, which exists on both sides of the great Canadian dialogue, might well dissolve, with the possibility of effortless communication in either language. Maclean's Magazine some years ago discovered a definite correlation between the French marks of English-Canadian high school students and their attitudes towards French Canada.

We therefore welcome the proposals that language teaching receive greater emphasis in Quebec schools, both French and English, that the appalling textbooks and teaching methods in use be replaced by others more suited to modern requirements, and that language teachers be chosen for their knowledge of the language rather than for their religious background. We note, however, that these reforms will not be complete until they are extended to the other nine provinces. The English speaking people of Quebec can play a vital role in creating the climate of opinion that will make that possible.

The Carpetbagger

McGill's long awaited experimental film will have its unveiling some time before the end of the Christmas break — at least, so say producers, Mike Taylor and Colin Gravenor. The film has been in the hands of National Film Board editors for the past few months and several hours of footage have been moulded down to a smooth 17 minutes.

The sound track has been applied and the titles and credits suitably slot and appended.

Taylor, who returned this week from extensive travels abroad, said they expect to hold a special premiere screening and follow that up with various campus showings, possibly in conjunction with the film society.

The film, title of which has still not been released, was financed by the Students' Society and the ASUS. All of the photography was done on a volunteer basis and most of the equipment was supplied at no charge.

The SEC will meet Saturday to familiarize themselves with the report of the Constitution Revision Committee containing a proposed new Students' Society constitution. The caucus which may very well turn out to be a marathon meeting will suggest any changes seen fit to Constitution Committee members who will be present. Necessary amendments will be made and the perfected document set aside for presentation to an open meeting of the Students' Society in late January. The constitution should then go to a referendum.

The Committee, chaired by Bill Fraiberg, and comprised of Jean-Pierre Mongeau, Lew Soroka and Joel Bell started work last January. The revision will boast several significant changes and the entire piece will be published in the Daily soon after the holidays.

It's the end of an era — well, as far as Mr. Crompton is concerned. Having served as Arts Building Porter for many years, he became a legend in his old haunt. Last week he took over the reins of Porter in the new Leacock Building. All his old friends can find him in his new office just behind the elevator bank looking out towards the Museum.

Today's front page photo has an interesting story behind it, says photographer Georges Monette. The shot was taken in Eaton's toy department before several hundred exuberant small fry and their anxious mothers. It seems that Santa got such a charge out of Pat and Sue that all the fuses blew in his workshop. So while the Eaton's staff scurried to make the replacements, Monette re-adjusted his flood lights and smiled at the kiddies. Meanwhile Santa tweaked the girls on the chin and asked them what they wanted in their stockings. Oh well, some guys have all the luck!

Merry Christmas. See you next year.

LETTERS

An Open Letter On Discrimination

Dear Madam,

In view of recent discord between two student organizations which resulted from the presentation of distasteful literature by one of them, the Students' Executive Council has found it necessary to reiterate its policy with respect to the propagation of prejudicial beliefs through any medium provided by the Students' Society. Thus the following motion was made:

"No club or society on the McGill campus shall engage in activities directly discriminatory to the race, creed, or colour of any student or group of students."

Although we are at university to enjoy all forms of stimulating discussions and debates, we are not here to injure or tarnish the name of groups whose ideologies, governments, or religious beliefs differ from our own. And therefore it is sincerely hoped that the preceding motion which was unanimously carried by the SEC will be observed in good faith by all.

Paul Tichauer,
Director of Clubs and Societies

Festival Wrap-up

Dear Madam,

During the recently concluded International Festival a series of unfortunate and unexpected events caused inconvenience to a number of people,

as well as embarrassment to individuals responsible for organizing certain portions of the Festival program.

On Friday, November 20, 1984, an international dinner was planned to be held in the student union building. It was anticipated that many of the students at the university would contribute food to that meal as they had done at similar meals in the past. Unfortunately the voluntary contributions fell far short of expectation, and consequently more than one hundred persons had to be turned away at the door. The primary cause of the shortage was the lack of participation by the students and public at large. The members of the organizing committee for that meal did all that was possible, and they do not deserve criticism for any failure on their part.

On Monday, November 23, 1984, the Malaysian Dinner, organized by the Malaysian Students' Association, suffered similarly from a shortage of food, and the necessity of turning people away at the door. This situation resulted from an unfortunate over-subscription to the tickets on sale at the Union Box Office. If there is blame to be placed for the failure to foresee the possibility of ticket sales in excess of the planned number of meals, it should lie with the person responsible for the overall coordination of the program, the Festival Chairman. The officers and members of the Malaysian Students' Association worked hard to assure the success of their dinner. I deeply regret the inconvenience which may have been caused to ticket holders for that meal. There is certainly no justification for criticism of the Malaysian students.

I would like to take this occasion to thank you and the members of your staff for all the cooperation extended to the members of the various committees working on the International Festival.

Stephen E. Doyle,
Chairman
International Festival - 1984

"Passage" Member Replies

Dear Madam,

As a member of the cast of "A Passage to India" I should like to make a few comments in reply to David Francis' letter of Dec. 4th. Obviously as I was intimately involved in the production my views are bound to be subjective, however for what they are worth here they are:

1. The play itself is very difficult to produce, for any company. e.g. The last ten minutes of each Act is a slow moving anticlimax, very hard to sustain. Also in the middle of the first two Acts the main character leaves the stage, thus destroying continuity. I could continue further in this vein but the above examples are, I feel, sufficiently indicative of the problems which had to be faced by the director.

2. I wonder if Mr. Francis has read the script? It leaves much to be desired, more especially if one has previously read the novel. The play itself makes little attempt at character delineation — one has first to read the novel and then on returning to the play one makes the discovery that all too often the words do not fit the character of the novel. Dilemma. The result? lack of unity in characterization.

3. Was the failure of this play, if it was such a great
(Continued on page 20)

First Term Report

This semi-annual report is the first attempt of its type to inform the campus of the important policy decisions made by the Students' Executive Council and of the major activities which took place during the first term. The author hopes that the students will study this report carefully, and if necessary make suitable suggestions. It is also expected that direct communication between the S.E.C. and the student body will help eliminate to some extent the present apathy.



SAEED MIRZA
Students' Society President

External Affairs

The first term started exactly as expected, with the three French-speaking universities, Sherbrooke, Laval and the University of Montreal withdrawing from CUS at the Annual Congress held at York University, Toronto, early in September. They stated that their aims were incompatible with those of CUS and that they would like to pursue their own goals outside CUS.

CANADIAN UNION OF STUDENTS:

The Canadian Union of Students (CUS) altered its structure last year to accommodate the bicultural and

Internal Affairs

REORGANIZATION OF ACTIVITIES:

This is the common topic of discussion among student leaders. Several defects have been brought to light during the sessions and group discussions of the two conferences on student affairs (MCSA). Some of these defects are duplication of activities, lack of publicity, proper organization, and general student participation — all of these indirectly add to the lowering of the quality of a particular project.

The Dates Committee has been reorganized into a one-man committee, which is perhaps more practical and will produce better results. Steps are being taken to set up a Public Information Office to increase contact with the local press, radio and TV stations, and at the same time provide an information service for all clubs and societies, the university administration and any outside groups.

NEW CONSTITUTION:

The Constitution Revision Committee has completed its work on the new Constitution. The draft Constitution takes into consideration the present-day needs of the Students' Society, and the report on the proposed changes has also been submitted. The SEC will be convening in a day-long session this Saturday to consider the report.

All interested students are invited to study the report, a copy of which is available in the SEC office. I would also like to invite such students to attend this very important meeting of the SEC on Saturday, December 19th, which will be attended by both the outgoing and incoming Council members, along with the members of the Committee. The revised constitution will be presented at the open meetings of the Students' Society to be held in late January prior to a referendum.

STUDENT DISCIPLINE:

The proposal of setting up a Campus Police Force has been accepted by the S.E.C. The details of the Police Force, which will go into operation next year, have also been worked out and will be incorporated in the new Constitution. Police Force members will be responsible for maintaining law and order at the football games and Carnival activities.

NEW UNION (UNIVERSITY CENTRE)

Work on the University Centre is progressing very satisfactorily. No definite completion date has been set, but it can be said with certainty that we will start moving into the new building immediately after the examinations and that the University Centre will be completely ready with all furniture moved in and services installed by early next September.

LIBRARY PROBLEMS:

The Library Committee, which consists of members of the Administration and students, is studying the library problems, including shortage of space and the elimination of delays in obtaining reserve books. It is hoped that,

ACTIVITIES 1964

bilingual character of Canada, but the entire revised Constitution had to be written off because of the withdrawals of the French-Canadians.

McGill's bid to organize CUS on a strong regional basis met with mixed feelings from other universities, particularly those from the West. However, the Congress was able to adopt a reasonably good programme for this year which included the setting up of a Student Government Research Centre, studies and publications in the fields of student mental health, student syndicalism, co-operative housing, libraries and recreation facilities.

Briefs will be submitted to the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, the Commission of Financing of Higher Education, and the Board of Broadcast Governors on university FM Stations. A student means survey will be conducted on all campuses, and the existing Interregional Scholarship Exchange and Summer Employment Exchange programmes will be expanded. CUS is also organizing campaigns against hate literature and against racial and religious discrimination in university housing.

UGEQ:

The French-speaking students of Quebec held the founding convention of UGEQ in the middle of November. The aims of UGEQ are, obviously, to serve the FRENCH-CANADIAN STUDENTS of the Province of Quebec, and great stress was placed on nationalism and student syndicalism at the founding convention.

The official language of UGEQ is French — unlike CUS, which is bilingual. A member of UGEQ, moreover, cannot be a member of any other national group without the sanction of UGEQ's General Assembly.

McGill and the other English-speaking Institutions of Quebec were never invited to participate in the deliberations leading to the founding convention — and the

result was a French-Canadian oriented U.G.E.Q. We were eventually invited to attend the founding convention as observers.

We have been trying to negotiate our terms with UGEQ based on the policy adopted by the SEC, to completely reorient and reorganize the structures of the student government and student organizations in order to secure the fullest social, cultural and intellectual development of the students. We also want to ensure that we represent McGill students as completely as possible.

This policy was adopted by Council on the recommendations of a committee set up to study the CUS-UGEQ problem. The SEC decided to stay in CUS this year and mandated the CUS Committee to study the changes necessary to ensure a strong regional structure to cater for the local needs of the students, particularly those in the field of education.

Several formal and informal meetings were held with student officials of the University of Montreal, and a few with student leaders from Laval, to promote contact between French-Canadian and McGill students. It was decided to start at a modest level by organized exchanges between student groups of similar interests, which could later on be transformed into major activities and exchange weekends.

OTHER EXTERNAL PROGRAMMES:

The High School Visiting Programme initiated last year to impart the concept of the University to high school students, has been improved this year after a detailed study of the answers of High School Principals to the questionnaires which were sent to them by the Committee.

The Education Committee, along with the McGill Daily, has also undertaken to issue a High School Supplement to the thousands of high school students in Montreal.

Activities night attracted quite a large audience. It was unfortunate that some student organizations spoilt their otherwise good display by exhibiting some distasteful literature. It is expected that these groups will refrain from such practices in future, otherwise the SEC will have to clamp down on them.

BLOOD DRIVE:

The week-long Blood Drive organized in the Union broke all previous records, collecting 4122 pints this year. The increase of 800 pints over the previous high was due largely to the support from the Graduates' Society, the use of the train rented from Montreal Parks Department and the game between Sam Etcheverry's Quebec Rifles and the "Droplets".

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE COMMITTEE:

The W.U.S.C. Committee at McGill is trying to find a stable footing this year. Up to date they have had much greater success than in previous years; however, there is a lot of room for improvement. The Committee sent twenty cases of books on psychology to the Philippines and greeted and discussed several problems with a Turkish student who will be setting up a similar Committee in his country.

Many students have the erroneous impression that the contribution from Campus Chest which goes to W.U.S.C. is used to support W.U.S.C. Scholars going to seminars in other countries. This is not correct. These funds are used for helpful projects in developing countries. The money to send the scholars comes from the Provincial Government and Students' Society funds.

RADIO MCGILL:

Radio McGill has secured a new broadcasting time this year, to accommodate the demands of many students. The programmes are now on the air between 10 and 11 pm from Monday to Friday. A full three-four programme is broadcast from 8 pm onwards on Saturdays. Radio McGill has been expanding rapidly and has purchased a lot of new equipment this year with the hope that McGill will have its own FM Station in the near future.

They have initiated this year a series of French language programmes prepared by students from the University of Montreal. The Saturday programme also includes a brief statement from the President about the Students' Society policy decisions and activities during the preceding week.

MCWA:

The theme of the McGill Conference on World Affairs this year was the controversial topic "Disarmament and World Peace". Such prominent speakers as Professor Seymour Melman, Dr. Quincy Wright, Professor Wassily Leontief, General E.L.M. Burns, the Hon. Pat Martin, and Dr. Louis Sohn spoke on related aspects of the problem. The Conference was well attended by delegates from all over Canada and the United States.

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL:

This year the International Students' Association initiated a ten-day International Festival to better acquaint Montrealers with the diversity of cultures represented at McGill, the University of Montreal and other institutions in the city. The theme of the Festival was "In Universal Brotherhood We Stand".

under existing circumstances, the rush on Redpath Library will diminish to a certain extent when the reading rooms in the Stephen Leacock building go into operation early next term.

FINANCES:

To date the SEC has authorized a net expenditure of \$104,383.77 by different campus organizations falling under its jurisdiction. This includes a sum of \$6,395.45 granted to Undergraduate Societies, which represents an increase of \$2,800.83 over last year's figures. Organizations such as Radio McGill, the External Affairs Department of the S.E.C., the I.S.A., have received larger financial support than in previous years in consideration of their expanded operations. The remaining funds will be used to cover the cost of moving to the new University Centre and the operating costs of the Centre from Spring until next November, when the following year's Students' Society fees are received.

Difficulties were encountered in the consideration of budgets because some organizations elected their executive after the session started. It is recommended that the executives of campus clubs and societies be elected late in the Spring term, so that they can finalize and submit their programmes and budgets before the summer vacation ends. This in turn will facilitate the workings of the Finance Committee and the SEC.

The Director of Clubs and Societies was made a member of the Finance Committee this year. This has helped the deliberations of the Committee to such an extent that it is recommended that the Director of Clubs and Societies be adopted as a permanent member of the Finance Committee.

STUDENTS' UNION:

The Social programme, consisting of the three dances and the "Union TGIFs" was a great success. The Cafeteria and Grillroom revenues have far exceeded those of previous years, due to the new advertising and publicity campaign. There is an estimated 10% increase in the average number of students eating at the Cafeteria this term.

Xerox service was initiated approximately two weeks ago, and has proved extremely useful in filling students' needs. The Union has an increased supply of magazines and newspapers, and will soon include "Playboy".

Maintenance staff has been increased this year to provide better service to the students using the Union.

THE WOMEN'S UNION

The Women's Union started the year with their regular Freshette Programme, during which 800 girls were welcomed to McGill. The Book Exchange made a profit of \$623.23 in a sale of over \$6,000. Shoe Shine Day and the Fashion Show, both of which were successful, bagged \$192.28 and \$350 respectively. The China display held in September added another \$225 to the scholarship fund. Women's Union plans to award four scholarships this year instead of two as in previous years.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION PROGRAMME:

The Freshman Reception Programme was a great success socially and financially, all the dances being very well attended. Dr. Robertson's lectures were the centre of attraction, as usual. The innovation this year was the Faculty Smoker.

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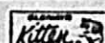
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- 2 — Travaux Publics
- 3 — Voirie

Les finissants dans les spécialités de génie suivantes : électrique, mécanique, métallurgique et civil, intéressés à faire carrière dans la fonction publique de la province de Québec sont invités à présenter leur candidature pour un emploi disponible dès la fin de l'année académique.

L'admissibilité à ces postes sera déterminée à la suite d'une entrevue avec des représentants de la Commission du Service Civil et des ministères intéressés, et sous réserve que le candidat obtienne sa licence en sciences.

Les intéressés voudront bien remplir une formule de demande d'emploi qu'ils trouveront au Bureau de Placement de l'université et la remettre à ce même bureau dès qu'elle sera complétée. Par la suite, la faculté fera connaître la date et l'heure de la visite des représentants du gouvernement.

(Concours numéro 65-UNIV-12).

**17 & 18 DECEMBRE
1964**

Robinson vs. Layton

Round Three

Dear Literary Editor,

Irving Layton, alias Zeus the Rooster, alias Jupiter the Chicken, notwithstanding his reputation for rushing into print, has been funereally slow in replying to my challenge to define his standards for poetic criticism and so show how he separates out the 5% charmed-circle of critics and professors from the other 95%, who are of the toilet-cleaning variety. Some people might suspect that it's because, even using the hotline between himself and his critic pals, he has failed to come up with a refutation.

So you'll pardon me for feeling rosy these days and in a chattier mood than in other letters I've written recently. (I'm feeling doubly chatty in sending this letter to both the *Daily* and *Georgian*, feeling that the affair is of interest to both campuses.) Most letters to the editor do in fact tend to be cold and impersonal and so thought I'd ask you without further ado how literature is. In the best of health I should like to think, despite my horrible fears to the contrary.

Next let me congratulate the English Department of Sir George for the cocktail parties it throws. As it had two years ago, it took the initiative of inviting English departments in Montreal and even outside it. Its liquor and hospitality are to be equally praised and I'm sure that we would also all have enjoyed the exhibition of Canadian art in their faculty club had we actually got around to looking at it. (McGill reciprocated last year with a trans-Montreal party.)

It was there I met Irving Layton socially for the first time. There he was with a slightly sinister smile on his face and his clothes thoroughly rumpled, standing beside an open door which revealed — lo and behold — a toilet. The truth, the literal truth. If I perceived rightly, the supply of paper was low, which suggest Layton had been particularly productive as a poet that day. Since James Joyce theorized aesthetically, such revelations of universal truth in a moment of time have been known as epiphanies. I do like to think this moment will come to have some small significance in the literary history of Montreal.

Actually when you begin talking with Layton, you are aware of a certain human charm and are actually tempted to think of him as a human being. You have to remind yourself that this is an illusion and what you have before your eyes is, in fact, Irving Layton. I am afraid I have had to take even a dimmer view of him than I had before. Now instead of being able to regard him as a simple paranoiac, with predictable delusions of grandeur, I have to see in him a schizophrenic paranoiac, who has moments of normality, and this seems to me a pretty hoary form of mental derangement. In fact, alongside it simple paranoia sounds like good clean fun.

We had no sooner exchanged pleasantries than I challenged him anew to a debate. It was not long before the number of subjects he refuses to debate had swelled yet more, to reach perhaps fifteen or sixteen. One I'd have thought he'd find particularly luscious is deliberating on the relative value of the life experience of each of us. The only thing I was able to get him to shake hands on was to settle our differences in the ring, i.e. in fistcuffs, a boxing match.

Perhaps we shook on this a little kiddingly, but a boxing match seems to me at this point very apt and I consider a solemn agreement has been made. There were in fact two witnesses present, John Buell of Loyola and Betty MacLean of Sir George. Yes, what Montreal poetry needs is a fight. After all, it has been taken over by bullies, with Layton the leader, who as much as say in poem after poem, "I'm tougher than you, Wanta do something about it?" You cannot answer such a challenge only by poems and polemic. From time immemorial bullies have had to be dealt with in a fight, a clean fight. So I am waiting for Layton's formal public acceptance of this way of settling our differences. (As this literary quarrel now impinges on sports, I am writing a special letter to the Sports Editor, to inform him and his readers of the situation. See page 22.)

Meanwhile, I am submitting a further couple of poems. One is to suggest that the man-woman encounter may have a little something other than the utterly predictable. The other is something of a Christmas poem, in which I want to show Layton there are really no hard feelings, by comparing him with another great Canadian. Just to make doubly clear there are not potshots intended, I have written it in blank verse.

Yours truly,
Brian Robinson.

PICASSO AND SEX

In this room of candlelight
Quavering on pale blue walls,
Here are we
Prettily ensconced in the wine-dark sofa

A series of eccentric circles—
Arms enfolding,
Glimmering rims of rye-on-the-rocks glasses,
Warm lobes of the brain
And lambent curvilinear eyes,

So gay are we,
So merry modern we,
Rapt to the upside-down strains of a Picasso guitar.

B. R.

For Brian Robinson's second poem, see page 20 of the literary section.

For the Cold Weather:

Five poems by Patrick MacFadden

And There's Not Much Snow Can Do

Snow? There's not much snow can do
except to slow you down
And love? There's not much love can do
except to slow you down;
one year off your life they say.
Each Time.

But when I leave you, one year older,
and walk a white snow-mile
I think how strange it is
how much death falls from you, from
(me,
Each Time.

Free Choice

"Fliers' boots are used to fly
or wade or put to sea in
after-ski boots sometimes serve
to sit and after ski in
leather cracks in salt and leaks
and lets the morning mist in
cossack boots are right for toes
or peace to coexist in
sealskin also is a place
for winter limbs to move in
and kinky boots are all the rage
for making out or love in."

Winter prowling on the corner
itching for his baton swing;
Santa hiccups from the window
glory to the newborn king.

Slouched and beaten little half-souls
blinking oddly into morgan's
"Humble rubbers are the best
for grinding out on barrel-organs."

* * *

Each affords or ill-affords
A way of keeping in the heat,
But tell me, Jesus, is there still
Point in kissing people's feet?

When the Snow Came

I am glad you were not here
when the snow came:

The first of it nervously edged to my
shoulder,

But I walk with it, carry it, carefully;

It is no extra weight.

I am glad you were not here
when the snow came:

Snowfalls ago the first of it edged to
my shoulder

and waited the brush of your
hand.

All love in its subsequent, circling
flutter,

I am glad you were not here
when the snow came:

I would not like you to see
how I stumble under its weight.

It Was the Cold Hudson

It was the cold hudson and all of it
the time Morris McGee came to America
for the cold gold that he thought
was in it.

With his new wife and her cold soul in
shivering tweeds.

All winter
he beat snow from his fists in Brooklyn
while his heart withered waiting
for the goodtime

That would fill the empty pot of their
friday needs.

It was the cold hudson and all of it.

After four christmases
he strangled her nagging with the
clothesline
then
stood on a chair and hanged himself
with the same.

The cold neighbours arranged a decent
burial
and said to each other the whole
thing was rather a shame.

For the cold hudson and all of it.

Me, I salute you, Morris, today
For you made a mess of yourself
and the unemployment averages
In your highly-strung individual way;
Not forgetting either your radical
solution to senility
And lastly, Morris, by Jesus, your jig
and reel agility.

The Coldest Dawn...

The coldest dawn that ever dawned
on the policeman and the newsboy and
me,

We hated us, the trinity of us
sharing the morning opposite the
Westmount Library.

Until the front wheel slipped.
600 copies of the gazette never
delivered
blown over the park across the railway
lines

squished into printed slush by the
protestant buses.

No bridge problems today
No big opening sale today
No big reitman's knickers today
No big bombs today
No usually well-informed source
No guilt-edged news from the
bourse.

600 gazettes with nothing to say:
Weialala.

The coldest dawn that ever dawned
heard us laughing
the policeman and the newsboy and me
To think that good things happen
on such a cold day.

Second Prize-Poetry

Come Let Us Dance Again

Jagdeep Maraj

We were alive that evening
When we danced with the wind.

And you were soft and smooth
As a low whistle in the dark
With its secret message.

Afterwards you lay on the ground
Wearing the peace of a hindu mystic
And I dared not touch you.

Come let us dance again
Let us whirl our beings into one
And being one ascend our former heights.

First Prize-Poetry

Approaching Storm

Seymour Mayne

I lay back, face towards the thunder-soaked
clouds,
expected a vein of lightning
to spurt out above me.
Then bent over, as a turtle withdrawing,
knew that if terror were to strike
better turn my back
and leave sudden illuminations
to the defenceless tree.
Everything rustled — the wood
like a herd of zebras
apprehensive of a lurking cheetah;
I could imagine its hurried footprints
inexorable like seals in the damp earth,
imagined till I wished I were one with
the shrubs and motionless plants;
and it was only
a baby red spider seemingly
cowering beneath my book,
as I brushed him off,
that led me to turn over,
rest on my knees
and chortle as I looked round
at the rooftops peeping out
from among tall trees.

cument itself. It was a tally of hidden treasure troves, scattered throughout Judea, with an estimated value of 2,100 pounds of silver and 250 pounds of gold.

Unfortunately, the scribe was guilty of careless "stylismanship", which coupled with the cryptic references to the sites involved, presented effective obstacles to the discovery of the lucrative treasure caches. Moreover, it is probable that the deposits constituted the fabulous treasure of the Temple of Jerusalem and if so they were sacred. If they were uncovered and defiled by profane use, the wrath of God would surely descend on the defilers.

It is with the attempts to recover these sacred funds that John Allegro is primarily concerned. The author presents an intriguing account of his travels to the various sites which he believes to be mentioned in the scroll. He gives their historical background and describes the problems which preclude his substantiating the existence of the treasure.

In picturing the historical background, he recounts absorbing anecdotes of the troubled times of the Maccabees (167-63 B.C.), the history of Herod's dreaded family, and the tempestuous Zealots' revolt, crushed by Vespasian in 70 A.D.

For instance, one of the Zealot leaders, Simon bar Giora, was trapped in a secret underground passage by which he had hoped to escape from occupied Jerusalem. Taking advantage of the Roman soldiers' renowned superstition, he wrapped himself in white tunics and arose mysteriously from his hiding place, into the guarded square above. The Romans drew back aghast, then cautiously approached and bade the "spectre" follow them to their general. He proved less gullible and threw Simon in chains.

In such underground conduits, honey-combing Jerusalem, much of the treasure lies hidden. Where exactly is a mystery. By whom it was concealed is equally a question for speculation. Perhaps it was the Jewish recluse community at Qumran, the Essenes, whose beliefs had Christian tendencies, or perhaps the Zealots, whose desire for a New Jerusalem led to the suppression of all opposition until they themselves were destroyed.

Throughout the book John Allegro plays the role of the archaeologist-detective. With the aid of thirty-four illustrations and eighteen maps, he presents his attempts to unravel the mystery of the "Treasure of the Copper Scroll".

T. G. Collard

Holy Loot

Treasure of the Copper Scroll
by John Marco Allegro
Anchor Books, illustrated
Doubleday and Company.
\$1.45

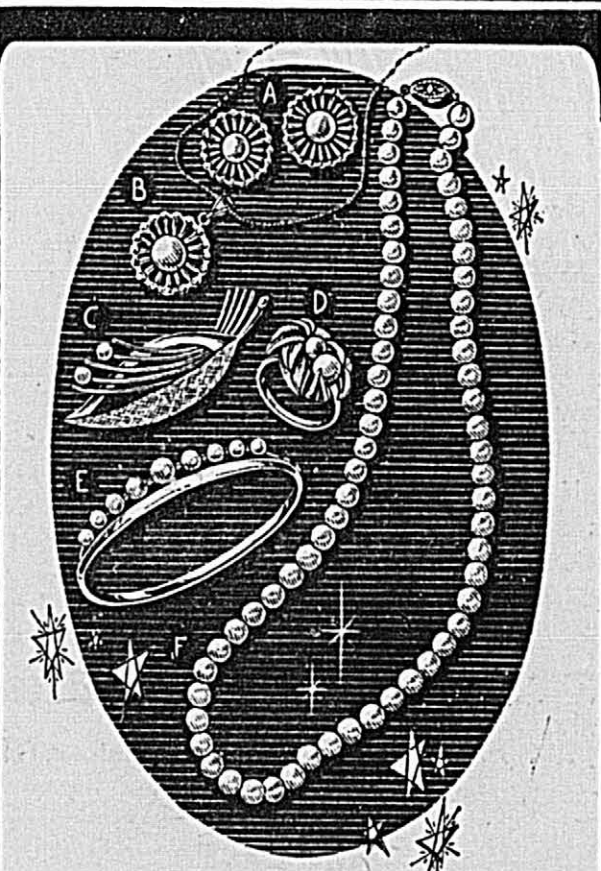
In 1947, a Bedouin shepherd found the first of the Dead Sea Scrolls in a cave a half-mile south of the ruins of Khirbet Qumran, on the north-west side of the Dead Sea. The discovery rocked the archaeological world and the popular press alike.

In 1952, a team of archaeologists, lead by a Frenchman, Henri de Contensan, in searching for further scrolls in the same vicinity made a find quite unlike anything yet discovered in the desert caves of the Holy Land. It was a copper scroll. Three sheets of pure

copper were riveted together and rolled up like a jelly-roll. It was by now completely oxidized and impossible to handle without disintegration. On the outer surface large square Hebrew characters, indented into the copper, could be indistinctly discerned.

The scroll was flown to the Manchester School of Science and Technology. There it was affixed to a spindle and with the aid of a miniature disc-saw attached to a dentist's drill, long horizontal strips were cut from the edge and each sprayed with celluloid preservatives. It was translated by John Allegro and returned to Jordan for further scrutiny.

What was revealed by the scroll proved even more astounding than the metallic do-



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Directory of Students, 1964-1965
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Directories, indeed lists of own favourites are Burke's own favourites are Burke's Peerage (for its extraordinary baroque quality), Crockford's (for an understanding of Trollope) and the Canadian Who's Who (to find which of one's professors has made it and what his public politics is — Independent Liberal is very chic at the moment). Best of all, of course, was the much-lamented and engagingly-titled Ladies Directory which appeared briefly in London after the Wolfenden Report had driven the oldest profession underground; it listed names, addresses, attributes and special interests with an aplomb that the Marquis would have envied, and it served as a continual source of inspiration, a kind of vade mecum of pleasure at those times when things became just too much. One could tell a gentleman in those days by simply looking at his bookcase.

The Directory of Students is not quite in the same field. In its own way, however, it does succeed in what it sets out to do — to map in great detail the way we live now. From Aaron to Zysman it picks its way delicately and with admirable objectivity through the slush of N.D.G. to the slush of Lachine, incorporating en route exotic points such as Port of exotic points such as Port of Spain and Gorakhpur. Surely, at least until next year, this must be the final word on the subject?

The type-face is different; longer, ~~somehow~~ thinner, as if to suggest a phased withdrawal. Whether this is a highly-sophisticated reference to the political vicissitudes of English Montreal or just another example of a new and vigorous approach, it is difficult to say.

There are a number of French names as well, brave people who are running the risk of collaborationist charges when the New Dispensation finally begins to dispense. This fate, one suggests, could be avoided with a little foresight: Gagnon, for example, could be run as Gag Non, thus disguising his identity and at the same time suggesting that McGill receives the odd refugee from Saigon.

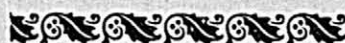
A "feature" of this year's Directory is its three-column format, certainly a startling departure from tradition; another change is in the quality of the paper, which can only be described as serviceable. It should be added, however, that the thinness of the paper means the Directory does stay open at the page, thus allowing one both hands free for whatever one might want both hands free for.

All the old favourites are still here. The much loved front section continues to list the fraternities, the Naval Training Division, the Reserve University Squadron, the Officers' Training Corps — in fact all that one could want. One can find the Dean of Dentistry and Tickets for Football and Hockey. The English Department remains, however, elusive.

The main body of the work is, as the Christmas reviewers say, full of good things. One or two mysteries — what is a HSD Dip2 or for that matter a 3 TCHRS1? And it is legitimate to cavil at the complete absence of the French language. One would have thought the SEC could have spared the occasional acute accent. It is the least we can do.

But it is comforting to see the "Y's" and "Z's" growing apace. For too long they have been something of an afterthought. Their growth makes it all the more unfortunate then that the "X's" should have only one representative. This is a position of lonely eminence — can we not elect, perhaps, some honorary "X's" — if only to stave off culture shock?

But these are quibbles. Timed perfectly to catch the Christmas trade, this work should be a bestseller. Some of us might have preferred it for Thanksgiving Weekend, but no matter. For women, it will surely make a thoughtful gift for the Man Who Has Everything; for the men, it seems just right for that Special Someone — your mother-in-law perhaps, or your girl friend's mother, or, if you are feeling particularly expansive, why not one for each?



The Managing Board

extends to all the students
and faculty of
McGill University
and especially to
our downstairs staff

Season's Greetings

and Best Wishes for a

Happy New Year



THE
MACDONALD
LASSIE

Third Prize - Poetry

Fall Out

Alex Urquhart

1.

The forest when you cannot tell
the landmarks multiple
and all the same to me
lifemarks going down for a bit
maps and burrows
marks fall
leaves fall
down
death from our atomic heaven
fall-out angels
slip between lovers
searing a rose
or two
lips
leaving four
one crushed face
none for another.

2.

I hid in the shadows of your limbs
While imperceptibly the leaves fell one by one.

You died the death of children
Who find a better game and become sceptics.

In the nerveless city
I discovered the curse of life
Which is to make it better.

3.

How many times to die?
A person is not like a season, you know,
Nor a bird like a flower.
To say we burned for a day
And a day is enough —
But what of your mysterious disappearance?
Different breasts I learned by heart
Slipped through my fingers;
So sometimes, clench-fisted in an afternoon,
I see the regeneration of an ashen vulture.
Maybe I learned to lie in the contour of your thigh
For fun
Maybe the final stubbing-out will be something
[lasting.]

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Letters...

(Continued from page 6)

failure, the fault of the director, the actors or the playwright? Who can tell? The cast comprised students, and not drama students either, it is not the job of a director to teach his cast to act; there is not the time nor is this the place. His job is to make the best of what he's got, and in my opinion, prejudiced though it may be, this is just what Mr. Faragoh did.

4. Why then was this play chosen? It can be a great success — witness the West End and Broadway productions. With a large number of Indian students on campus it was an obvious choice. It was a challenge. It gave the individual actor, as well as the director, great scope for interpretation. If it was a failure blame it rather upon the inability of the cast to take full advantage of this opportunity than upon the director who was thus restricted.

Philippa Parsons, B.A. II.

A World of His Own

Steve Smith died last summer just before the beginning of term. He had wanted to come back to McGill. The previous year he had won the Shakespeare Scholarship in English. A second printing of his book, *God's Kaleidoscope*, was being prepared. In this article Michèle Hendlitz, who knew him well, tells about his last thoughts on poetry.

Steve once wrote: "The highest life is the one which represents the creation of meaning from the essential meaninglessness of the universe."

He also said, "Each man is to a greater or lesser degree a world of his own. A great man is aware of the essential meaninglessness, and often, from this sense of personal chaos, comes to give order. The creation is for that world of meaninglessness, reality."

In April 1963 Steve felt the chaos in himself, and said that he was going "for a season in hell". Two months later he was operated on and his leg was amputated. Society is more sensitive to the striking exterior of tragedy than to its essence; and people were disturbed by the unijambism, but

unable to grasp the sordid reality behind it, cancer, which is death.

Irony was Steve's response to tragedy. Bitterness for him would have meant intellectual death. The imminence of death intensified, made acute, the total apprehension of life's primordial attribute — non-permanence. With it, arose an aspiration to affirm belongingness to life. And so Steve expressed his affinity with the Jewish people, and his awareness of alienation, and his desire to live for life. Having the unique vision of the poet, Steve also expressed the unique experience of his own dying.

Experience of the past became internalized for him as a sense of "oneness", a point in time from which he could say in his last summer: "I begin to think that it is perhaps my mission to announce the eternity of death."

At the end, he felt, he said "a kind of queer joy, because everything is so much more intense." And he did not curse. As he said in the last poem, "I looked up to curse... but then I saw the reflection in God's eye."



Steve Smith

THE JOHN DIEFENBAKER OF CANADIAN POETRY

My fellow fornicating Canadians,
Now is the time, the time for the most epochal of decisions.
Are we to fulminate flatulently? I say we are,
And when I have pronounced all the rest of you have pronounced.
Away with old and fetid slogans and away, away, with this one—
"Discretion is the better part of valour."
Let us froth forth a new and imperishable one—
"Cowardice is the better part of valour."
Ours is a nation whose destiny lies far afield
In the tundras of the night-enshrouded north.
There eskimo passions flame frightened by no puritan dawn.
In the south we have fumed our fill of flag debates.
Now comes the hour for the great flagpole debate.
We shall be famed among the countries of the world,
The first to drop the superfluity of flags.
For when we can have realities, what have we to do with symbols?
Erected flagpoles shall be the glory of our nation.

B. R.

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Claude Harari
UDS Director

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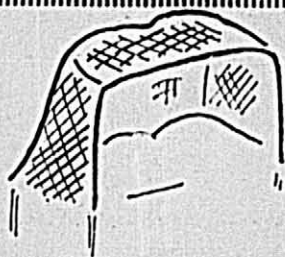
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On Net

by JIM SMITH

REMEMBER TORONTO

When you face a team like Toronto in their home rink with only a fair squad, you hope for some breaks and a tie, but settle for a respectable loss. When you lose four front line players and they gain one like Cunningham, you take your lumps and pray for the ice to melt as they pile up.

The physical lumps from last Friday's fiasco are relatively minor, but the lump on the team's ego could be malignant.

The Redmen aren't the team to take points from Toronto and, in the event of a fourth place tie, games between the teams involved rather than goals against will decide who wins a playoff spot. So the difference between 7-5 and 17-5 is only psychological.

The game can't be laughed off — the fact is, only three players, Kerner, Bloomer and Bryant gave top efforts under pressure, and even they were forced into too many mistakes. But adverse conditions abounded and the Blues were being gluttonously greedy.

With a little less bad luck and a little more positive thinking the Redmen won't be the patsies they were in Toronto. The game was a good bad example of what can happen to the club if it's gun-shy; it is not a measure of the team's capabilities.

AND QUEEN'S

In the first period against the Gaels, the shell-shocked Redmen looked like they were playing a fourth period against Toronto. Granted they shaped up during the next two periods, but not enough to dent the twine, and it's still goals that decide hockey games. As a reaction to the Toronto game, the Queen's result was understandable, though not encouraging. The impression is that we can beat Queen's — the fact is that we didn't.

If the Redmen start looking for moral victories, and using last weekend as a yardstick, the season might as well be over now. If they realistically assess their talents and make the most of them, there is still considerable hope for a playoff spot.

ICEING

The loss of Dave Kerr cuts into the Redmen fire power severely when they can ill afford it. Dave played his best ten minutes of hockey this season before he was injured against Waterloo and it is a tribute to his attitude that he was injured while trying to smash through two defencemen in a race for the puck. There is some hope that he will be able to return for the last few games of the season; there will certainly be a place on the team for him.

Redmen edge Waterloo; romped by blues, Gaels

by JIM SMITH

The Redmen were only able to pick up two of a possible six points in the last three games, as they squeaked by Waterloo but lost heavily to Toronto and Queen's in their first road trip.

Waterloo edged

MONTREAL, Dec. 4. — The Waterloo Warriors proved stronger than expected as they came within a goal of tying a ragged but improving Redmen contingent here. A four goal performance by Rick Moore and some clutch third period goal tending by Ken Walters helped the Redmen pull out a narrow 7-6 win to gain their only pre-Christmas points.

The "Clipper Line" of Kerner, Moore and Ripstein continued to fly, potting six of the seven Redmen goals. Moore proved the great opportunist as he capitalized on good passes, weak Warrior goaling and goal mouth scrambles to keep the Redmen in the game.

The Kerr, Kostandoff, Halliwell line looked like it was going some place, but a serious first period knee injury that finished Dave Kerr for the game, and possibly the season, cut their effectiveness. Kostandoff however, showed signs of improvement for the first time, as he came up with his best game of the young season.

The Warriors are still not an OQAA hockey team in terms of talent, but in terms of size and scrappiness, they could give quite a few teams a few bad nights. The loss of Kerr might mean that the Redmen won't recover from this night all season.

Varsity romps

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 11 — In a game in which the Redmen needed all the good breaks to come close, they got all the bad breaks and were crushed by the Toronto Varsity Blues 17-5 here Friday night.

A skeleton crew of 13 players, 9 of whom are in their first year of OQAA hockey, was quickly and completely deflated as the Blues took every opportunity to flatten their scoring totals.

Intercollegiate Standings

	P.	W.	L.	T.	F.	A.	Pt.
Toronto	5	5	0	0	42	22	10
Montreal	5	4	1	0	32	22	8
McMaster	5	2	1	2	22	21	6
Queen's	3	2	0	1	20	9	5
Western	3	1	2	0	12	16	2
McGill	4	1	3	0	15	34	2
Laval	5	1	4	0	22	25	2
Waterloo	3	0	2	1	15	21	1
Guelph	3	0	3	0	7	17	0

With Captain Dave Kerr out of the picture, and goalie Ken Walters, defenceman Dave Flam and wingman Jerry Kostandoff fog-bound in Montreal, it was a sorely depleted and badly disheartened squad that faced the Blues.

The unstoppable Monteith line was made more so by the addition of Gord Cunningham, a former Toronto Marlborough, just recovered from an injury. The line was seeing red (lights) all evening, as both Steve and Hank Monteith counted hat-tricks, and Cunningham followed suit.

The Redmen's three defence corps was cut to two when Lee Watchorn was sidelined for most of the game by a first period check.

Seventy-six shots on net were too many for Bruce Glencross to handle as the Blues scored from every conceivable angle and a few inconceivable ones. Glencross was more garbage man than goalie on this night.

"We ran into a buzz-saw in Toronto," said Coach Copp "and they just chewed us to bits." The Redmen were able to muster only cracker-box resistance to the saw this time out.

Queen's cleans up

KINGSTON, Ont., Dec. 12. — While Toronto and Montreal flew, Laval and McMaster floundered, McGill flopped and Queen's stepped in to pick up the pieces. The Gaels looked playoff bound as they trimmed the demoralized Redmen 6-0 in the weekend caper here.

Bob Pond notched three goals in a game that saw the Redmen take over in the second period, only to miss numerous opportunities. With four quick goals stowed away in the first period, the Gaels were never in trouble, though they were pressed in the second frame and only even with the haggard Redmen in the third.

4 exhibitions slated

On Dec. 26 the team flies to Boston for an exhibition with Boston College and then on to Troy, New York for a three-day tournament with Colgate, Minnesota and host Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, possibly without goalie Walters.

The OQAA schedule will reopen on January 8-9 with an away series against Waterloo and McMaster.

Strange sound reported by Redmen hockey fans

by DAVE RICHARDSON

Students who have been to the first McGill hockey games know that there is a new sound in the Winter Stadium this year. McGill fans and players are becoming increasingly puzzled at the mysterious appearance at each home game of a group of musicians wearing red and white tuques.

So far, musical experts have been able to distinguish "James McGill" and "Red and White Sweater" from the band's varied repertoire, but all other pieces remain an enigma. The theory is that it may be a new kind of music.

Not only this, but the group disdains to tell anyone who they are or where they come from. Although it is rumored that the band's headquarters are somewhere near the Winter Stadium, about the only positive information anyone has is that from

four to thirteen of them are at every hockey game to spur on the team.

McGill students are invited to come and view this strange phenomenon at the next Redmen home game perched in the stand and producing its infamous sound. Free even.

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from Joe...
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A letter to the Sports Editor

Dear Sir,

As I trust you know — I certainly hope you do — Irving Layton and I have been engaged in a literary quarrel. Now, as explained in a letter to the Literary Editor, we have decided to settle our differences in the boxing ring. I hope this is of some particular interest, as it is not that often that the causes of sports and literature unite.

I might give you a little account of my qualifications as a fighter. Though by no means a heavyweight, I am quite strong and on occasion have done well in arm wrestling with my students. My great quality is my quickness and notably in my legs, which we know are the first thing to go in a fighter. Yes, I have tried hard to develop them and perhaps after this bout will be known as Rabbit-footed Robinson. (As you know Irving Layton's interest in his legs only extends as far down as his thighs.)

Should the literary result of this match come to be merely my epitaph (for I foresee all possibilities and leave the bragging to others) I should like nothing better than to have, "Fleet-footed, fleet-minded". I would suggest that Layton mull over an epitaph for himself, for it would be foolhardy of him to leave it to posterity.

Perhaps you will want to assign special reporters to cover our training programs, which you may expect to be intense. We owe it to literature.

Brian Robinson

CHALLENGE

The Engineers challenge the All-Scribe teams to a game of touch football some time in the New Year. The Scribe has accepted this challenge and promises to destroy the Plumbers, one and all.



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Waterpolo

Trophy eludes Redmen as teams end season

The Big Red waterpolo squad finished off the season on a successful note last Saturday by disposing of the Sir George team 9-3, despite a very lackluster display. A little put out by the fact that the Georgians switched the game from the Currie pool all the way down to CMR for no apparent reason, the Redmen quickly announced this fact by peppering the Georgian net in the first half to a 6-2 lead and then literally coasted the rest of the way. Single goals were scored by Andy Heap and Jim Glezos while Ian Elliot and Glenn Ruiter provided a three and four goal punch respectively. Congrats to Mike Schulz, Redmen's fine back-up goalie who, in spite of being visibly ill, came through with a great game, including an incredible save on a penalty shot.

TROPHY LOST

Unfortunately the week before the Redmen were not so successful as they lost to Toronto 5-3 in the game and 12-5 on the round thereby relinquishing the OQAA Herschorn Trophy which they were defending. It was a good game but the team just couldn't get uncorked and the five goal margin that the Blues retained from the first game was never headed. Jim Glezos scored a nice goal for the big squad while Glenn Ruiter chipped in with the other two. Credit must go to Larry Conochie, McGill's tremendous goalie who is too often neglected. He kept the game close and must be recognized as one of the finest goalies in the sport.

INDIANS

For the first time in many years, this season produced an Indians team which fared well with a 2-1-5 record, considering the fact that many of the players were rookies, both to the team and to the sport. They lacked organization which is to be expected but played remarkably well

toward the close of the season, so that of the five games lost, three were by one goal margins. Mike Florian, Eric Haites, and Steve Woloz played very well for the team as did Mike Schulz, who was the Indians' regular goalie and largely responsible for their success.

COACH SHILLER

The Redmen are very much indebted for their successful 10-4 season to their coach Gerry Schiller. A former McGill player, Gerry has a vast knowledge of the game. He taught the players how to play as a team and proved that it was necessary to play that way to win. Most important, he was able to inspire in the players the will to win and the desire to fight which is needed desperately in this tough game.

The only weak spot in the team was the inability to remain up for game after game which comes only with experience. The close game against East End became almost historic. A win would have compared with the football Redmen's knocking off the Tiger Cats.

BRAIN DROPS

by DAVE MCFARLANE

Sports Editor

Twass the night...

Twass the last day of publication in 1964. Exams were scheduled the following day but still the Sports Editor trundled down to his grubby office in the bowels of the Union, to carry out his self-inflicted duties.

Glancing at the pile of game reports and miscellanea in, on, and around his copy basket, he sat down behind his desk and pulled out a cigar and a beer to savour before things began to hum. Suddenly Earl threw his MOC feature on the desk and ran off to study, Jim took a whole page for himself (bless him), Lawrence begged for equal space for the hockey Indians but finally settled for a little blurb. Then Skinny came down to be obnoxious (just for fun) while Bernie called from the Library to say that he was sick in bed and could not turn in his basketball blurb.

But where was George, the desk editor? Good thing he called to find out whether the paper was publishing on Thursday or Friday. Scribe kept the telephone lines hot as he jockeyed for assurance that his column had not been tampered with. In bounded Sharon after Fine Arts to demand that the Women's Telegraphic Bowling results go in. As usual, she yielded to the Scribe.

Bunk, Bob and John were not to be seen but it was just as well with no room left. Thomas Bee checked up on skiing.

Finally, everything was set — heads written, copy marked up, cat's box changed. The Sports Editor heaved a sigh of relief as he envisioned a month of skiing, travelling and studying. Nothing was left to do but wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, which he did. (May they all survive the liquor strike.)

Civil Service Commission of the Province of Quebec

REQUIRES

ENGINEERS

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- 1 — Natural Resources
- 2 — Public Works
- 3 — Roads

Electrical, Civil, Mechanical and Metallurgical Engineering students graduating this year, interested in career in the Province of Quebec's public service are invited to apply for positions available to them after graduation.

Admissibility will be determined through interviews between applicants and officers of the above Departments and the Civil Service Commission.

Graduation will be a pre-requisite to applicant's obtaining positions.

Students interested in these careers may obtain application forms at The McGill Placement Service, where they may also register on the interviewing schedules. (Competition number 65-UNIV-12).

Interviews will be held at McGill University
on these dates:

DECEMBER 17 & 18, 1964



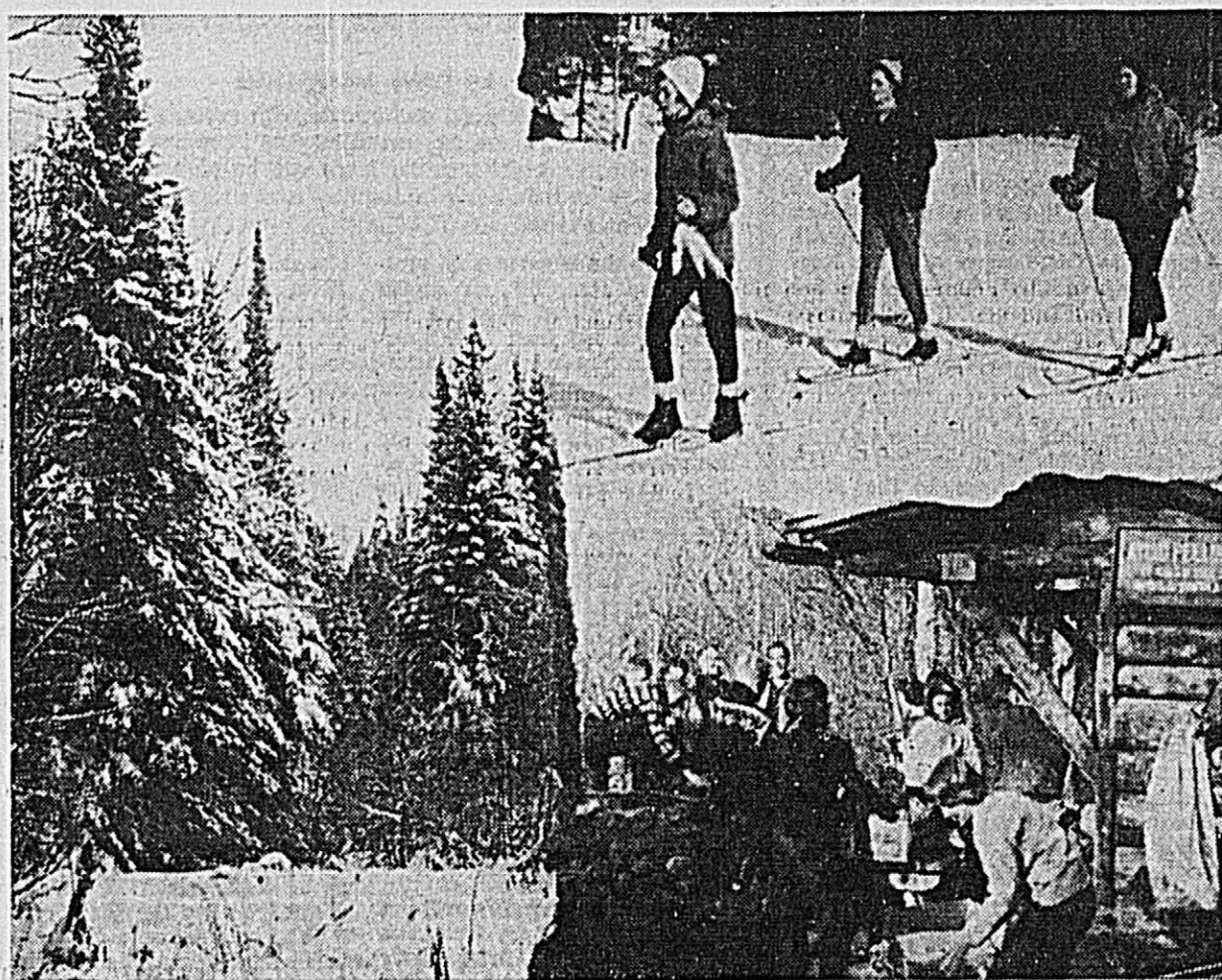
Interesting Facts About — GRADUATE STUDY AT McMASTER UNIVERSITY

- One student in eight at McMaster is a graduate student, studying for a master's or Ph.D. degree in an Arts, Science or Engineering Department.
- Most are receiving generous year-round Scholarship or Fellowship financial support.
- Most of those holding National or Provincial awards have also been granted supplementary University Scholarships or Assistantships.
- All are enjoying the many benefits of close individual guidance and regular personal consultation with their faculty supervisors, a situation made possible by a 1:2 Instructor-Student ratio.
- Many are participating in exciting and challenging new programs of interdisciplinary research in fields such as Chemical Physics, as well as in Biochemistry, Biophysics and Molecular Biology.
- All have the rare opportunity of extending their cultural and intellectual boundaries as members of a graduate student body that is half Canadian and half from foreign countries.
- Science and Engineering students have available to them the most advanced research facilities, such as the Nuclear Reactor.
- Most are gaining university teaching experience by participating in an Assistantship program.

Interested students should write for further
information and application forms to

The Dean,
Graduate Studies Office,
McMaster University,
Hamilton, Ontario.

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD MOC



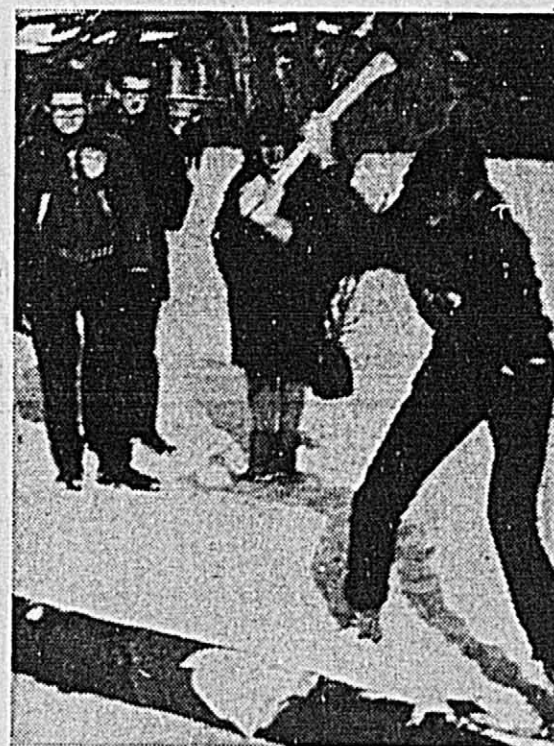
"Bumate mecum" — come along with me — is the motto of MOC. The many activities pictured above and elsewhere on this page attract upwards of 350 McGill students annually.



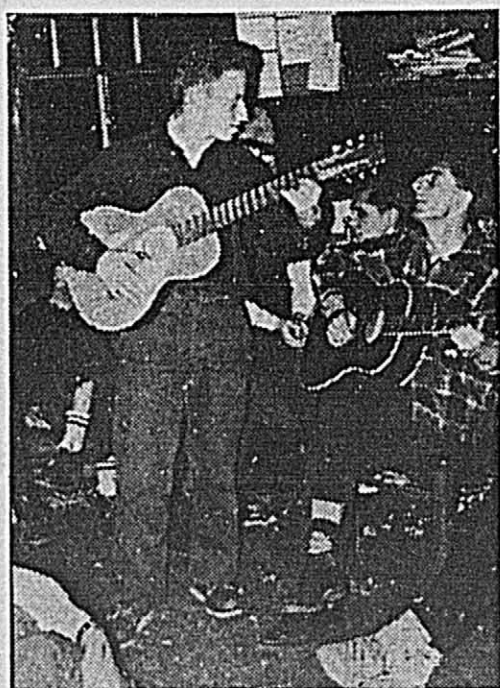
One of the more thrilling activities of MOC, mountain climbing attracts many enthusiasts each Fall. Here, fearless Barbara Macintosh scales Mount Condor (Val David), in our northern Laurentians.



A Sportsfeature
by
Earl Haltrecht
Sportsfeatures Editor



Axeman Ralph Buttrum at Macdonald College's annual Woodsman's competition. This year's extravaganza is set for early February, again at Mac.



Dave Rosenblatt (standing) and Al Hale sing out during last year's New Year's Eve party. Word has it that this year's annual New Year's festivities will again be held on Dec. 31, at the Club's Shawbridge House.

The how, why, where's of MOC...

WHAT does MOC stand for anyway?? Basically — fun, frolic, gaiety, adventure, a place for the haggard student to escape to when the going gets rough, relaxation... In fact, anything to do with the outdoors. For MOC stands for the 'McGill Outing Club'.

WHAT does MOC offer? A full and varied programme during the four seasons of the year. The main attraction seems to be the Club's house in Shawbridge, with accommodations for 25 girls (in the girls' house), and 45 boys (in the boys' house). Another of the Club's prize possessions is their truck which has travelled many a mile to a destination of fun.

For winter enthusiasts, downhill skiing (with free lessons for all), trail skiing (with the Club's own trails and skis), snowshoeing, winter camping, skating and co-ed hockey are offered. And don't forget about the Shawbridge House for those many ski-weekends and the upcoming Xmas holidays. For the socialities — folksinging, square dancing, and a New Year's party are the highlights.

Intown activities are centred around the Club's Aylmer Street lounge (3625 Aylmer

Street between Pine and Prince Arthur). A second home for many, the lounge is always open to those wanting to eat, talk, or just relax.

Mention should also be made of the vast friendships acquired by simply being an MOCer. It isn't uncommon to see many an American visitor at the Shawbridge House, or to plan a trip to a fellow American College Outing Club, through IOCA (Intercollegiate Outing Club Association).

HOW MUCH will joining cost the average poor McGill student? Next to nothing. A full day (24 hours) at the House costs only two dollars, and this includes a bed, three meals, and just about all the fun you could have.

HOW does one go about joining? A quick call to President Peter Kevan (844-4668) or to Rich Kendon (Treasurer) at 288-5342 is all that's needed.

WHY join MOC? Why, for fun, frolic, gaiety... it's cheap, non-competitive, recreational, friendly... In fact, FANTASTIC! And if you still don't believe this, just call Pete or Rich — they'll tell you the same thing!

This has been a term of decision, a term of indecision; of great accomplishment, and of great tragedy; of reorganization, of disorganization....

A face-lifting process overtook the Union, commencing with the new Discotheque in the Grill room, complete with juke box and new blue lines on the wall... the Playboy Penthouse marked the first step towards establishing the Union TGIF's, and Xerox took over the poster press...

Paul Tichauer, Engineering Rep on the outgoing Council, has been made a Rhodes Scholar... David Bogdanoff and Christopher Kwong Wah Tam won the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Fellowships for graduate study in jet propulsion, space flight sciences, and flight structures...

Campus poet and SCOPE Chairman Steve Smith died just as his book of poems, *God's Kaleidoscope*, prepared to go into its second printing... Dean Emeritus David Landsborough Thomson died following a prolonged illness... graduate and Red and White '63 Producer Lawrence Leger joined the list of December traffic fatalities...

MCSA Chairman Bill Barakett has been hospitalized with TB... Jean-Pierre Mongeau of the Education Committee has been forced by illness to resign from all student activities...

Following complaints and pressures from outside sources, the Inter-Fraternity Council looked more closely at the Fraternity Open Parties... then imposed outright bans... John Hall Archer, new Director of the Library Committee, extended Redpath's working day... the International House Committee sees the formation of an International Student Centre by the time of Expo '67...

Early Fall saw a variety of large fires, small fires and smoke-but-no-fires which progressed into two bomb scares and a series of alarm-but-no-fires... Many students would apparently consider a four-alarm type in the Otto Maass Building highly beneficial towards campus beauty...

Red Feather Blitz took in over \$5,500, as opposed to \$7,000 last year... The government's interest-free loans proved less accessible than originally thought, although they did arrive in time for some to play the stock market... MCSA (McGill Conference on Student Affairs) voted against SEC statutory grants, and the SEC completed the process by abolishing them...

The incorrigible Engineers planted two-hundred pound pumpkins all across campus, much to the dismay of Mr. Crompton, while the Redmen's loss to Queen's had the same effect on the sports-minded sector... A one-day extension of Blood Drive ran up a record high of 4,120 pints, while Treasure Van broke her previous sales with a final total of \$8,300...

The Humanities Building, renamed the Stephen Leacock Building, and yet to receive its official opening, was ready for occupancy, complete with dim corridors and questionable lighting... the cornerstone didn't fit either. But the style grows on one, illumination has been improved, and the cornerstone shaven, so all's well... The Roscoe Wing, housing 163 female students, celebrated its official opening two and a half weeks ago...

sex vs flag

Liberal MP John Turner, speaking on the flag issue, acted as a greater drawing card than sex — shows something about this campus, but what?

Marty Kerner, replacing Jim Bradford as Producer of the R & W, announced the rehiring of director-choreographer Wally Burgess while denying that the dismissal of Bradford and *Daily Literary* Editor Patrick MacFadden would prove detrimental to this year's Revue; Eddie Aronoff and Bobby Cooper then joined Steve Kroll, replacing the two on the writing team... Dave Mayerovitch, writer and lyricist for years, won the Broadcast Music Inc. top award for the lyrics of TMTGFS...

Both the Education Committee and the ASUS and CUS executives have set up tutorial programmes for the benefit of the lower classmen... MCWA, the International Festival, the Annual Criminology Conference, *A Passage to India*, and *The Flies* ran semi-concurrently... The Dates Committee was abolished and responsibility for the scheduling of activities placed in Secretary-Treasurer Myron Galloway's hands...

A newsfeatures survey showed conclusively that McGill students favour the red maple leaf by an overwhelming majority of 53 to 45%... commons concerned...

While the Redmen were losing on the playing field in Toronto, Engineering Queen Joan Clarkin was running away with the Miss Canada Pageant, to finish an easy second... Three days later, the Engineers tried their luck again, only to have one candidate, Sylvia Heinrich, withdraw two days later. Queen Susan Hare was left with only three attending princesses, June Crout, Joan Morrison, and Elizabeth Moule...

The Redmen just didn't have what it took; finished in second place, 7 points behind Queen's... Don Taylor, Eric Walter, and Dick Feidler still made the all-star team... maybe next year...

The *Daily* welcomed two new opinion soap boxes, *The Carpetbagger* and *SuperDailyite*; the latter immediately won campus support and purports to have the largest popular following for a regular feature, catching everyone in the backswing of its biting satire, even the *Daily* itself...

the news



in review

While the Reverend Gary Davis paid a surprise visit to McGill, UBC'er Larry Kent saw the opening of his second film, *Sweet Substitute*... Whether or not it will be shown at McGill remains an unanswered query... Red and White star and singer Billy Walker performed in Toronto, while Players' Club member Gord Thomson joins two other Montrealers as Stratford newcomers next summer...

One hundred delegates from 45 universities to the McGill Conference on World Affairs heard guest speaker Paul Martin open the discussion on Disarmament and World Peace. Quincy Wright's claim that war has no function in this age of technology was closely followed by Lieutenant-General E.M. Burns' explanation of current negotiations for disarmament, "an exercise in frustration"... A panel consisting of Donald Brennan, Amitai Etzioni, and Herman Kahn went over arms control and the establishment of a multi-lateral force; the technical aspects of the problem were discussed by Seymour Melman and the economic implications by Wassily Leontief. Louis B. Sohn wound up the conference with an assessment of the practical steps to preserve world peace...

The Players' Club production of *The Flies* turned people away on their last two nights while *A Passage to India* by the English Department claimed sell-outs on all three nights... A criminology conference held

in Redpath Hall concerned itself with topics as far ranging as empirical legislation and witchcraft today...

Disputation between the Zionists and the Arab League blew up, but all was quiet (or as quiet as could be expected) by the time of the Israeli-Arab debate during International Festival...

In a move towards better French-English relations, the SEC voted to adopt bilingual letterheads, only to reverse the decision by 8-4 following extensive student controversy on the matter... The perennial question of the 65% minimum average for participation in major campus posts came up again — abolished, only to be reinstated at 5% above the passing mark, 11-2 at the following meeting...

Now the Marquis de Queensbury...

The latent rivalry between Irving Layton and Brian Robinson flared up, and up, and up, and up... letters flew to the *Daily* and the *Georgian*... challenge upon challenge was given and returned... fisticuffs are Robinson's latest medium for settlement...

The Debating Union sponsored a busy first term, opposing two British teams, one American and one Ontarian... The deplorability of Beatlemania was established by McGill over the objections of RMC, as was non-suppression of left wing extremism as supported by the University of Arizona... The two British teams emerged victorious proving first that politics is too serious a matter for the intellectual and later, that the UN, as is, will prove unredeemably obsolete and must be reformed to survive...

Heavy fog held New York Lawyer Mark Lane airborne over Dorval while the city press and hundreds of students lined up at Humanities 132 to hear him expound on the Warren Report... it was a long wait until noon the next day...

Former McGill student Chris Keating came under fire at a recent Conference of the Young Liberals of Quebec when he moved that the party (re: the Westmount segment, of which he is Vice-president) "sympathized with the principles expounded by Le Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale"...

"Give us this day our daily bread!" was the cry from the men's residences as Dr. Stanford Reid forbade the removal of this commodity from the dining hall, threatening a fee increase if the procedure did not come to a stop soon... At the same time, the Union dug from its archives a ruling outlawing card playing on the premises and threw the bridge league out of the Grill Room... the displaced card players claim that one of their numbers has won over a hundred dollars in a single day, though not at bridge...

Model Parliament has been reorganized and established as an SEC recognized major activity rather than merely as offshoot of the Debating Union... And once again, the Young Communists have been defeated in debate, this year the death blow dealt by the Young Liberals who proved conclusively that Communism is not democratic...

Radio McGill found its way on the television wavelengths, starting with McGill football games and working its way up to a student acted-produced documentary...

ISA decided to replace the National Weeks with one grand International Festival, highlighted by the crowning of Queen Sylvia Li; her four princesses are Edyth Kuper, Annette Greenspoon, Alison Douglas, and Judy Roman... For a week and a half the union teemed with wonderful foods, exhibits of all descriptions, and free Brazilian coffee...

As always, the *Daily* beat the SEC in the Annual Toilet Bowl Prep — 6 to 7... the McGill Easter Island Medical Expedition, on board the H.M.C.S. Cape Scott, reached its destination Sunday, one day ahead of schedule... WUS is looking for two delegates (fluent in Spanish) for exportation to Chile this summer...

Faculty members are engaged in a frantic campaign to save a former colleague, Dr. Peng Ming-min, from execution by Chiang Kai-shek... he spoke out for Taiwanese...

forever apathy

Student apathy once more came to the fore as four out of twelve positions on the SEC were filled by acclamation, while only 24% of the campus electorate went to the polls for the remaining eight...

The first term semi-annual open meeting was held December 3, with far less than the 300-person quorum in attendance... while discussing McGill's participation in CUS (as opposed to UGEQ or absolute non-participation), External Affairs Chairman Bruce Cleven heard doubts raised concerning benefits derived by this university and admitted that "the \$7,300 fee McGill pays to CUS does not always benefit back to the university"...

Wenda MCNEVIN
News Editor

HIGH SCHOOL VISITING PROGRAM

all INTERESTED SPEAKERS may

Contact:

- John Rothschild, 488-2892
- Ian Lightstone, 733-9050

FRIENDS OF SIMON SCHWARTZ SOCIETY

An Appeal To All Students

FRIENDS.

Last week a scorned and shunned Simon visited a Tensorial Artist. The Barber had barely removed the outer layer when (Alas!) he learned Si couldn't pay. Friends, don't let Mrs. Schwartz's heart break! Contribute now while there is still time.

Merry Christmas and God Bless You.

THE SOCIETY: F. Winston, Founder

GOVERNORS: Rosanne, Dina, Abby, Lenny, Mark R., Mike, Magil, Bernie, Jerry, Rhona, Harry, Chuck, Doech, Steve S., Steve A., Doug, Barry G., Jake, Marc, Rheda, Rob, Koko, Kraz, Arthur, A. Friend.

DONORS: B.L., J.G., D.R., J.L., H.T., G.M., R.B....

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(2 blocks South West)

Mansfield & St. Catherine Sts.: E. J. BENSON, Mgr.

(3 blocks South West)

Sherbrooke & Drummond Sts.: T. HENRY, Mgr.

(4 blocks West)

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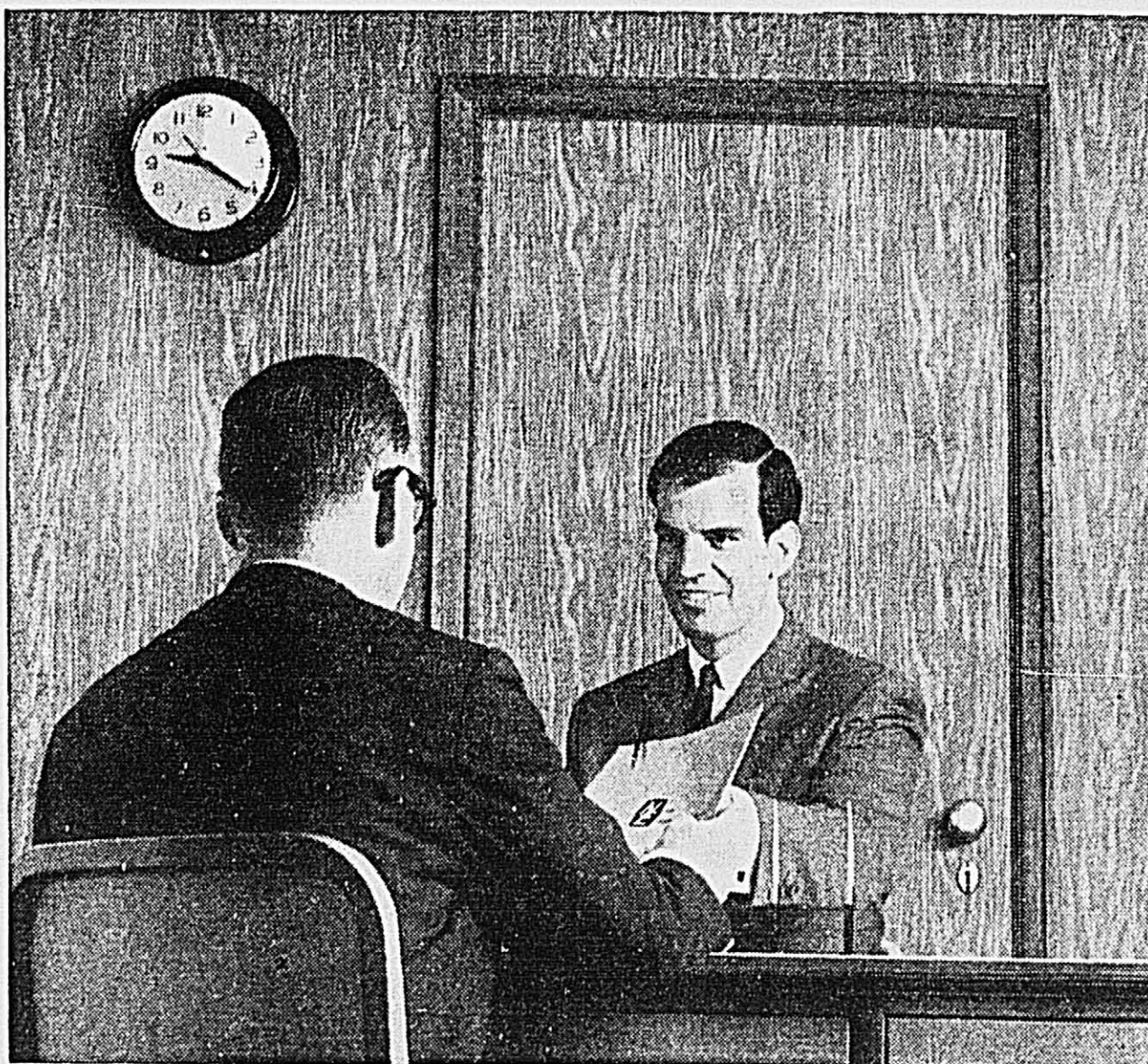
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Jan. 4-8	Feb. 8-12
Jan. 11-15	Feb. 15-19
Jan. 18-22	Mar. 1-5
Jan. 25-29	Mar. 8-12

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your choice or Box 206CU,
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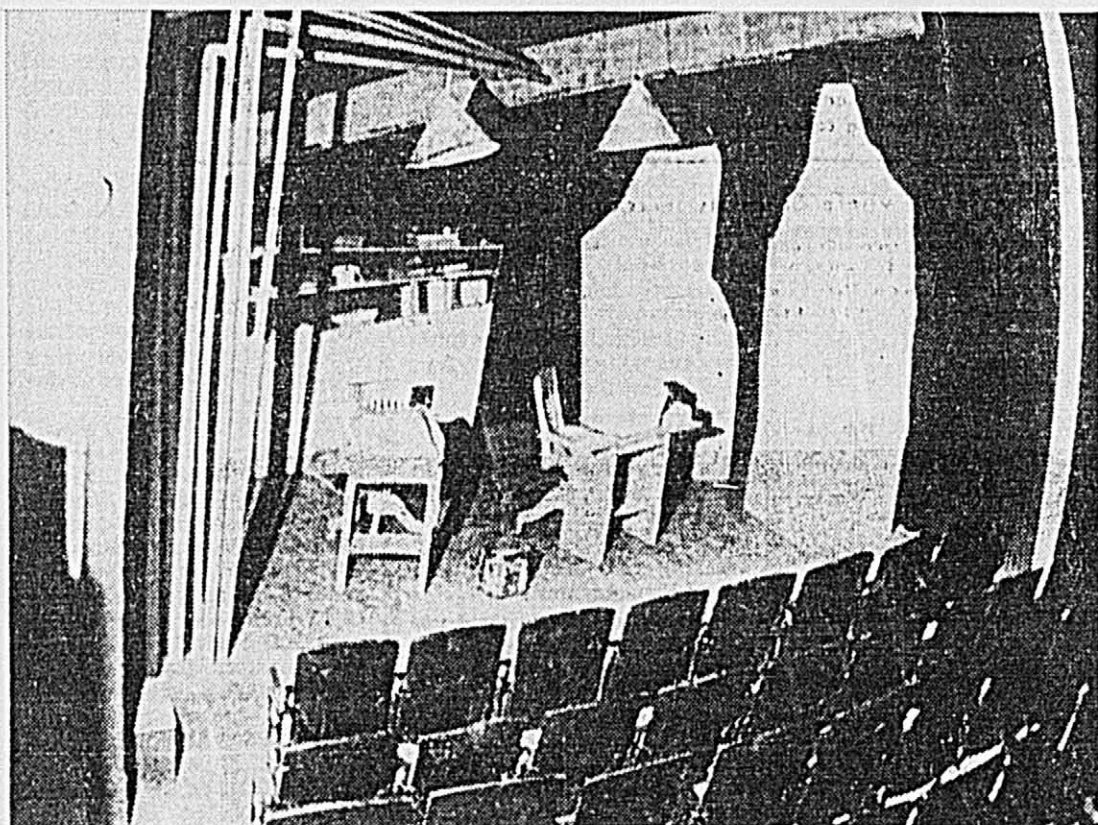


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Reflected in another mirror is the interior of the theatre at les Saltimbanques. Onstage is the set for *Les Dactylos* ("The Typists").

Amidst the intriguing half-hidden restaurants, fashionable salons de haute couture, and colorfully dilapidated artists' workshops surrounding the hulking semi-restored Bonsecours market in Montreal's 'vieille ville', stands an unpretentious greyish building. Dancing across its strategic corner wall are lithe black figures welcoming you to the magical theatre world of Les Saltimbanques.

by Lisa Borenstein

Enter. You won't be disappointed. The lobby may be surprisingly small, the performance room not much larger. But whatever takes place on the stage before you — whether it includes three frenetic prisoners, a near rape, typewriters, or people speaking from barrels — will be of undeniable interest.

You have your doubts, it seems. What is it all about? How can a group with a mere three years' experience work effectively in such limited accommodations, you ask. The first question can be explained; the second becomes unnecessary the moment the performance is over.

les Saltimbanques

Les Saltimbanques originated as a theatre company approximately two and a half years ago, when seventeen members of the well-known *Apprentis Sorciers* group became dissatisfied with its internal government, and decided to form a unit of their own. Like many of its French predecessors in the intimate 'théâtre-de-poche', Les Saltimbanques chooses its programme from the ever increasing field of experimental "avant-garde" theatre.

Since its modest beginning the company has raised its membership to thirty-seven and has presented an average of six productions a season. Among its former pieces are Romain Weingarten's *Akara*; Obaldia's *Impromptus à Loisirs* and *Le Satyre de la Villette*; Boris Vian's masterly *L'Equarrissage Pour Tous*; Marguerite Duras' largely entangled *Le Square*; and Pile, the most important attempt of French Canadian Roger Huard.

Haute Surveillance, Jean Genêt's first play, presented just prior to the current production, was extremely well received by Montreal's exigent critics. The present programme consists of the American Murray Schisgal's two principal and highly popular works, *Les Dactylos* and *Le Tigre*.

Les Saltimbanques is not a professional company as one might be led to believe in watching its skillful performances. Rather it is a company composed of talented amateurs who must earn their living during the day and devote their evenings to their beloved theatre. This is an undue strain imposed by the Montreal public's insufficient response to the theatre and the government's almost total lack of support or enthusiasm.

The plight of Les Saltimbanques is even more serious than that of the rest of Montreal's theatres, since it is the only group which has not yet received either a municipal or provincial grant. Each year the company is asked

to give proof of its accomplishments, but the administration seems to think that there are an infinite number of things more important than theatre.

Thus the company carries on from its minute, yet picturesque headquarters, producing worthwhile spectacles, while its members double or triple their functions, and work, like Rodrigue Mathieu for example, as actor, director, and administrator.

The greyish residence of Les Saltimbanques at the corner of Bonsecours and St. Paul consists of more than a minute and magical performance room and lobby. If you descend a narrow staircase you may enter a slightly cavish lounge which deftly hides its stone walls behind the canvasses of Montreal artists.

Proceeding around a corner and through a closed-to-the-public door, you will then come upon the actors' make-up and dressing room besmattered with paints and powder as the performers apply themselves to their own images; a workshop which by its disordered appearance, seems to be in constant use; and a smoky, comfortable cubby hole where the actors can engage in coffee-breaks between scenes.

Rehearsals have already begun for the company's next production — Gabriel Cousin's highly commended *Opéra Noir*, which is praised by the white American journalist, medically turned Negro, as one of the best analyses of the American racial problem. *Opéra Noir* is an important venture for Les Saltimbanques. It consists of eighty roles interpreted by twenty players, plus two principal figures, and demands a continuous background of jazz, provided live by a local trio.

The play will open on January 8. Having seen it (or the current production) you will inevitably become a regular visitor to this pocket-size theatre with the greyish exterior located in 'la vieille ville'.



Wilma Ghezzi, the leading lady in les Saltimbanques' current production of Murray Schisgal's *Les Dactylos*, in front of her makeup table.

REVIEWS

La Vie à l'envers

LA VIE A L'ENVERS ("Inside Out"). A Satec release of an A.J. Films production, written and directed by Alain Jessua. With Charles Denner as Jacques, Anna Gaylor as Viviane, Nane Germon as the Mother, Yvonne Clech as Madame, and Jean Yanne as the Boss. Now showing at the Elysée, Salle Renaiss.

For all those enthusiastic viewers of the "cinéma pur", there is a real pre-Christmas bundle in the Renaiss room at the Elysée. The short feature, *Dream of Wild Horses*, is a splendid essay in imagism. It succeeds in penetrating beyond the shield of human consciousness to portray the pre-natal state of the wild horses in battle, in fun, in flight.

La Vie à l'Envers is a film that has won a number of prizes in international competition. It had been originally scheduled to be shown at the Montreal festival last summer, but had to be withdrawn at the last moment in order to be exhibited, in competition, at Venice, where it won the Grand Prix. This is a peculiar film; about a very peculiar man.

Jack, the hero, seems quite alright at the start. He's just an ordinary man, "who desires little more than the quiet of his room...", functioning mechanically at his job and in his relationship with his mistress. In a moment of weakness, or rather apathy, he decides that he may just as well marry her.

Soon we are introduced into their little society, a society which is most amusing. They are not caricatures really; the comedy arises out of these little people just being themselves. The larger irony derives out of the dramatic framework in which they are presented.

All of a sudden, things start

to happen. Jack begins to crack. But there's more to it than merely this. He begins the construction of a personal universe of which he is the centre. And he is very happy to remain in this private world.

His wife, mother and friends become intruders, — he is indifferent to all of society — a supreme megalomaniac. Yet somehow, even at the end, even at the moment of his ultimate ascetic withdrawal, we like Jack. He has become a friend.

This is not surprising. Throughout the film we have been seeing everything from two viewpoints — on one hand from the objective view, the external third person, the camera; and on the other hand, from Jack's image of things.

As the film progresses, Jack's view begins to predominate and it becomes increasingly sympathetic. At the end walls, doors, space, everything becomes a mist. Everything is white and Jack likes this.

If you find yourself talking to yourself tenderly, as you walk out after this one, don't talk to me about it. I'm busy.

B. N.

Macbeth

MACBETH. A Prominent Films release of a Grand Prize Films Production, directed by George Schaefer. Now showing at the Kent. With the following cast: Macbeth Maurice Evans Lady Macbeth Judith Anderson Banquo Michael Hordern Macduff Ian Bannen Doctor Felix Aylmer Gentlewoman Meg Jenkins Malcolm Jeremy Brett Donalbain Barry Warren Ross William Hutt

Even those fans who love Shakespeare to the point of eccentricity might do well to see the film *Macbeth*.

The British film — makers offer a pretty straightforward production of the Shakespearean play. What's more, it's a treat for the eyes. Technicolor gives the actors' wardrobe and the Scottish countryside the full treatment. And blood (you know there's a lot of it in *Macbeth*) is obviously more effective in red.

Maurice Evans' portrayal of Macbeth is a thoroughly agreeable one. Even if you can mouth each and every line off by heart this actor will hold your interest throughout his trials, crimes, and repercussions of conscience.

Judith Anderson, as Lady Macbeth, also does what Shakespeare meant her to do. She is passionate, cruel, driving, cajoling and delirious. Then, of course, something happens to her; something we see in the sleep-walking scene, which is a triumph in this film.

However, this review is for the Shakespearean stickler. He might not like a few things in the production.

The producers take the liberty of clearing up two of the so far still disputed mysteries; one, the third murderer is Seaton, Macbeth's court lackey — not the Thane himself or a third unknown character; second, Banquo knows all along who murdered Duncan and we're hit over the head with the fact that he knows. Everything he says to Macbeth after the crime is loaded with heavy accusation.

The witches' scene was a disappointment. Macbeth does not seek them out in a weird marsh or field. Their final predictions of his fate come to him in a nightmare. Also, the first witch is a rather young and beautiful spirit — not a hideous hag like the other two.

Likewise, we are not given a separate scene of the attack

on the castle and family of McDuff. The camera is placed inside Macbeth's head and while he harangues how he'll wipe out the Thane of Fife's family, the act is carried out and we see it through Macbeth's eyes.

Lastly, modern camera techniques make it simple to superimpose the ghost of Banquo into Macbeth's chair during the banquet scene. Whether this is successful or not depends on the individual point-of-view.

At any rate, go see *Macbeth*.

Ursula Lingies

Station Six Sahara

STATION SIX SAHARA. Five men in the desert with Carroll Baker. The five men: Ian Bannen, Denholm Elliott, Jorg Felmy, Mario Adorf, and Peter Van Eyck as Kramer. Now showing at the Loew's.

I remember thinking it certainly didn't belong in a Film Festival; but perhaps seen in one of "your United Theatres", a nutty buddy in one hand and someone else's (hand, that is,) in the other, it might reveal subtle shades of meaning which I missed completely. The *Place des Arts* is after all, very large and the second balcony a long way from the screen.

There are many stories about people marooned in jungles and on desert islands, in boats and in prisons. Here we have Man and Woman in the raw, stretched to the breaking point, motivated by passions and instincts never revealed in their ordinary, civilized lives. This theme has been treated ad nauseam on film. *Station Six Sahara* has nothing which justifies another try.

Are we then all so deprived of imagination or even self-knowledge? Over and over we meet the same stereotyped two-dimensional people with the same unedifying frustrations and neuroses. Why have so-and-so, and so-and-so left the comforts of Home and Country to bury themselves like unsociable and unwilling ants in the middle of this God-forsaken sandpile? Especially why has the mysterious, strong, silent hero? Of course they make a lot of money but do people actually go through HELL for a buck?

The desert is boring; the stifling heat somehow just doesn't come across but maybe that's because the heroine, in one especially provocative scene, stretches out on the cement in her brassiere. St. Tropez never had it so good, but then hard to believe it's 110° in the shade. After the desert in *Woman of the Sands*, this one looks like the compost heap on the building site of the new union.

As might be expected there are four or five men, frustrated but for some reason not homosexual. Lo and Behold, into *Station Six*, five hundred miles from nowhere drops a woman who very obligingly will sleep with almost any of them, take off her clothes and its all just so monotonous, every line can

be predicted, every step in the plot is inevitable. There are thousands of similar characters on movie screens all over Montreal; one unending analysis of 20th century Western Man: hackneyed, clichéd, abysmal.

T. B.

Kitten With a Whip

KITTEN WITH A WHIP. A Universal release of a Harry Keller production, directed by Douglas Hayes, from a screenplay by Hayes, based on a book by Wade Miller. With Ann-Margret as Jody, John Forsythe as David, Peter Brown as Ron, Patricia Barry as Vera, Richard Anderson as Grant, James Ward as Buck, Diane Sawyer as Midge, and Ann Doran as Mavis. Now showing at the Palace.

This film presents Ann-Margret in her first dramatic role since *Viva Las Vegas*. It opens with her running breathlessly through fields and along railroad sidings, with ravenous dogs and policemen chasing her. In a cotton night-dress.

There are several other opportunities for her to demonstrate her dramatic abilities in the course of the film. Like when she curls in up John Forsythe's little girl's bed after breaking into his house and goes "Mmmmmmmnn".

In this film, Ann-Margret unwittingly gives the lie to Hollywood's attempt to cast her as a new kind of Sex Goddess, which began with her dancing debut on the cover of *Life Magazine*. She plays her role of reform school escapee who brutally beats a warden and sets fire to the dormitory with a naïveté and little-girl playfulness that is at once touching and almost believable.

Her refusal to give up Forsythe, the man who first befriended her, and her refusal to admit that she wants to do more than use him, leads her to blackmail him with a charge of rape into helping her across the Mexican border.

Forsythe plays her benefactor with the degree of stupidity necessary to rescue the implausible sequence of coincidences which involve him deeper and deeper and drag him lower and lower.

Comic relief is supplied by Ann-Margret's really tragic brutal thug and buddhist pseudo-intellectual companions, with which the teenagers are supposed, I suppose, to identify.

There is, incidentally, no outwardly visible sex in this movie, it all having been sublimated into two vicious scratchings, one arm-twisting, one brutal beating, one slashing with a razor, three violent deaths in a car accident, and one entanglement in barbed wire. In short, it's pure escapism.

C. S.

The Young Lovers

THE YOUNG LOVERS. A Metro release of a Samuel Goldwyn Jr. production, directed by Goldwyn Jr. from a screenplay by George Garrett, based on a novel by Julian Halevy. With Peter Fonda as Eddie Slocum, Sharon Huguency as Pam Burns, Nick Adams as Tarragoo, Deborah Walley as Debbie, Beatrice Straight as Mrs. Burns, and Malachi Thorne as Professor Schwartz. Now showing at the Capitol.

The *Young Lovers*, far from being the saccharine, stereotyped sort of teen flick current under the MGM-Hollywood trade mark, deserves a second glance, as a more-perceptive-than-might-be-expected film treatment of a subject easily tending to become stereotyped and saccharine — young love.

The young lovers in this instance are Sharon Huguency and Peter Fonda, with Nick

Adams as second male lead and Deborah Walley as supporting ingénue. The script is awful. But somehow, the film is charming — perhaps due to adept direction and excellent, American-style photography, but chiefly because of the charm, naïveté, and occasional excellent acting of its two very personable principals.

Charm and naïveté from Sharon Huguency, as beautiful brown-eyed Pam Burns. Charm and excellent acting (in spots) from Peter Fonda as intense, mixed-up, and artistic Eddie Slocum. Cornball humour of the healthier variety from Nick Adams as Tarragoo and Deborah Walley as Debbie.

The story is quite simple. It offers little challenge to Peter Fonda's embryonic acting talent, but abounds in opportunities to display charm and his crooked smile. Sharon Huguency was never lovelier — perfectly matched to all the exigencies of her role, she brought to it a natural sincerity that saved the character from ever becoming cloying or two-dimensional.

I don't know if the screenplay was better or worse than the book by Halevy. In any case, the story of the film follows the usual cliché-strewn path towards an ambiguous happy ending: boy meets girl, boy dates girl, girl ends up in bed with boy, boy gets girl in trouble. What to do? All I will reveal is, he does it.

Fortunately the director goes over this well-trodden trail with considerable delicacy and finesse. There are some very nice touches — the mother finds her daughter's shoes on the stairs as she comes home from staying at the house of a sick friend.

She looks up the staircase just as her daughter's boyfriend Eddie comes bounding downstairs toward her. Her expression alters — from the unspoken exchange that passes between them, and despite his glib excuse a moment later, we know she is aware where Eddie has spent the night.

At the end of Sharon's inevitable visit to the local abortionist (played, for a welcome change, as friendly, understanding, and respectable), the doctor suggests she go away and think about it. "Come back and see me if you really want to," he says. "But not on a Wednesday. Wednesdays I play golf." She closes the door and goes out without speaking.

It's that sort of thing that makes *The Young Lovers* worth a second look.

A. B.

Cinémathèque

Today
8 pm

CASQUE D'OR, Jacques Becker.

Tomorrow
6:30 pm

J. Grierson, Part Three:

NORTH OR NORTHWEST, 1937
COAL FACE, 1936
WEATHER FORECAST, 1934
CHURCHILL'S ISLAND, 1941
SONG OF CEYLON, 1934.



The New Lost City Ramblers: left to right, Mike Seeger, John Cohen, Tracy Schwarz.

Folk Music Society:

The Best of Bluegrass

On Friday evening, January 22, in the Leacock Building Auditorium, the McGill Folk Music Society will present The New Lost City Ramblers in a concert of Old Time and Country Music.

The Ramblers last appeared at McGill two years ago, when they played to a full house in Redpath Hall. They have given numerous concerts in major cities and at universities during the past six years.

The Ramblers have recorded for Folkways and Vanguard, and have performed at the Newport Folk Festival for several years in succession. They have done more than any other contemporary urban folk-singers to revive traditional southern mountain music.

The group is presently composed of John Cohen (banjo, guitar), Tracy Schwarz (fiddle, banjo, guitar), and Mike Seeger

(mandolin, autoharp, banjo, fiddle, guitar). Seeger will also be appearing as a solo artist this coming weekend, at the Fifth Amendment.

Tickets for the concert are priced at \$2.00 for the general public, \$1.50 for Folk Society members. They may be purchased during the holidays at the Fifth Amendment, after January 4th at the Union Box Office, and on January 22 at the door.

Those who keep their tickets stubs will be admitted free to the Fifth Amendment for a post-concert set performed by the Ramblers' rival Bluegrass group — The Greenbriar Boys.

So pull on your britches, grab a blade of grass, and amble on down to the Leacock barn. We'll see you there.

E.P.

Swingle Singers sing Bach

LES SWINGLE SINGERS at Place des Arts: Ward Swingle, tenor; Jeannette Beaucourt, soprano; Christiane Legrand, soprano; Anne Germain, contralto; Claudine Meunier, contralto; Claude Germain, tenor; Jean-Claude Bridin, bass-baritone; Jean Cussac, bass-baritone. On a double bill with Monique Leyrac, French-Canadian chanteuse. Last Friday night in the Grande Salle.

The Swingle Singers are a French vocal octet (4 males, 4 females) who wordlessly sing classical pieces with an emphasis on Bach. In the two years since the group's inception they have been a phenomenal success and have been acclaimed by both the critics and the public. Their two LP's "Bach's Greatest Hits" and "Going Baroque" were "best sellers". Throughout their last North American tour they attracted large audiences. At the request of President Johnson they gave a concert at the White House... All of which makes this a minority report because I can't really get very

enthusiastic about The Swingle Singers.

For their first few numbers the Swingles are an interesting and pleasant novelty, but their work does not have enough depth to sustain interest for any length of time. One must admire them for doing something difficult and doing it well, but this does not make their performance a satisfying musical experience.

The eight singers were accompanied on bass and drums by two local musicians who seemed to have no difficulty with the arrangements which at times were quite complex. Too often, however, they were called on to merely keep time, with a shuffle rhythm from the drummer which became depressingly monotonous.

The most enjoyable parts of the Swingle Singers' performance were the solos by soprano Christine Legrand (sister of Michel). Freed from the dis-

Journal of a Sick Man: Notes from the Under Bottom

NOTE: A recent CBC television interview with Charlie Berke, owner of the Black Bottom, a downtown after-hours jazz spot, attempted to justify the program's conception of the club as a sort of proto-existential Xanadu for Montreal's "New Generation". In fact, the impressions of a recent visitor appear to corroborate this image.

I hope you will forgive my spiteful manner, gentlemen, but I have been a sick man. I have felt Weltschmerz oozing out of my every pore, and consciousness weighing me down like the great, clanking swords of the men of action, yet not allowing me to regard myself as so much as a cockroach. Little wonder, then, that I am spiteful.

Since I am too superstitious to consult a doctor, my condition dragged on. Interminable *nausée* appeared my fate, until one day I was arrested by a newspaper advertisement. "Jazz and soul food" it began. The tone of the advertisement was blatantly commercial and seemed to impute a Bohemian character to the establishment in question. But its name, the "Black Bottom", and the cryptic closing line, "music until?", suggested an unconventional, noncommittal atmosphere that was at the time in perfect harmony with my tortured spirit. And food for the soul was certainly what I required.

Gentlemen, I was not disappointed. True to its name, the "Black Bottom" is indeed the domain of the city's underground, for its habitués project that loose, placid sensibility that is unfortunately lacking in our schismatized modern society and that has as consequence been forced into the dark, unrespectable, grimy underground. Once accustomed to the environment, however, all suggestions of the sordid immediately dissolve, and the underground appears as it is in actuality — the *Uberboden*, the

realm of the *Übermenschen* beyond good and evil. The prevailing *esprit*, nevertheless is one of unrelievedly cheerful acceptance of the misconceived *Unterboden* image.

Walters come and go, their movements hardly perceptible; a black, wide-eyed, walrus-mustachioed face peers from time to time out of the corner window, looking out from the kitchen; the music of laughter, cutlery and dishes joins with the guitar's *angoisse*. And all the time, barely a word is spoken: Words appear somehow unnecessary here, for words are the enunciation of choice, the blueprints for action and here action is an unwelcome delusion. Likewise, the passage of time is not felt here: Interruptions in the music are not noticed, and the approach of dawn is marked by no more than a progressively lightening tone of gaiety, as in bawdy songs like "Give me my boodle", parodying the bourgeois life of inane commitment.

At one point, I question the musicians on the nature of their music. "Dirty!" replies the guitarist. "The best in town!" pouts the statuesque bass-player. "So much for so little!" The drummer: "Well, you know..." The pianist, with a stove-pipe goatee: "Bug off,

man, or I'll give you a big lip!" All consistent with the subterranean perspective of disengagement.

The soul food takes time to prepare, and my misanthropy again mounts, until finally the precious panacea is placed before me. The waiter — a nervous, erudite Jamaican — vaguely pinpoints the origin of the recipe for the fried chicken with "groove" sauce some where "down South", portending, I surmise, an even deeper level of the underground, one which may be penetrated, he claims, by "digging" the food.

Transported by the "soul" food and the "dirty" music, swimming in pitch-black, slimy nothingness, my sickness of consciousness is exercised from me, and my bliss of momentary self-extinction, shared wordlessly with the other patrons, is mysteriously given expression by a sign on the door designating the musical group — "THE FUNK BROTHERS".

Gentlemen, let me lay aside my spite for a moment to inform you that if you share the sickness which yet remains my lot most of the time, relief, however temporary, may be found by retreating to this *Unterboden* haven of the uncommitted intellect.

Fyodor Kitaevsky

the fifth amendment

A lot went on in the Montreal Folk music scene since this column last appeared, and there's not enough room to cover it all. But here goes.

Elyse Weinberg came to the Fifth Amendment two weeks ago and gave a rather spotty performance. Elyse tends to overstate her songs, and to sing them in the same loud, over-emotional style. This makes a lot of her songs sound similar, although they often express completely dissimilar sentiments. Elyse also transposes her songs from masculine to feminine, which can be very irritating. There is no need to do this to sound good, as Joan Baez illustrates.

Another irritating gesture of Elyse's is her habit of smiling at inopportune times in her songs. In the middle of a blues number this can be extremely unnerving.

Elyse's best numbers were "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" and "Motherless Children". These were also the among the few songs which did not give one the impression that they had been learnt from a record, faithfully memorized, and delivered in the same way with the same gestures and comments every time.

John Hammond appeared last week at the Fifth. Hammond has improved considerably since last year, and has changed his style slightly. He now sings much less blues and more rock and roll, although he sings it in a bluesy style. His guitar, a 6-steel-stringed Gibson, tended to buzz in the bass strings. I have since been informed that

this may have been on purpose, but it was irritating nevertheless.

It was difficult to understand many of the words in the songs Hammond sang, but his guitar work often made up for this lack. His guitar work was quite good, and his harmonica work wasn't bad.

Hammond sang a lot of Chuck Berry songs and many that sounded like Chuck Berry songs. I have been informed by an unusually unreliable source that Hammond's style is similar to that of the Rolling Stones, but that is irrelevant.

Sir George held a folk concert a while ago. I missed part of it, but what I saw seemed impressive. A few people performed as expected — Gerry Goodfriend was, as usual, good; Mike Nemiroff was, as usual, bad — but the calibre of the concert on the whole was surprisingly good.

Rumours are afoot that Bob Dylan will be coming to Montreal in January to Plateau Hall. So far they have not been verified.

This weekend at the Fifth, tomorrow 'til Sunday, Mike Seeger will be appearing. If you want to come you'd better phone in advance and reserve places.

I wish folksingers would not find it necessary to chat between songs. This patter wastes time and is unnecessary, in most cases. Very few songs need an explanation, and many are spoiled by a lengthy introduction.

B. M.

J. A. M.

please don't breathe on the plate glass

Window-dressing is an art. Some people might not think so. But seeing the long arduous hours a dedicated display artist (window-dresser) can put in to achieve a single effect, whether of stark symmetry, or luxurious opulence; and in view of the fact that the dressing can sometimes cost more than the merchandise it is designed to display, one must admit it qualifies, at least as a communications medium — and from thence it is only a short step to the arts.

Certainly the art of window-dressing has as much right to the title as many of the more widely-recognized arts (like making movies) intended to serve an equally-commercial purpose, i.e., making money. For a great majority of modern consumers, the work of the display artist has a certain spiritually uplifting effect.

(Think how dreary street-cleaners, commuters, children, girl guides selling poppies, newsboys, Salvation Army santas, shoplifters, business tycoons, derelicts, stenographers,

housewives, prostitutes, run-of-the-mill shoppers, and even penniless passers-by would find it in a district devoid of imaginative, decorative, decorated display windows, like for instance the business district of downtown Toronto.) Window displays can be all things to all people.

Obviously this is a challenge which cannot fail to call forth the fullest flowering of the window-dresser's art. The Yuletide season marks the acme of his endeavours. Every fall, the big stores spend long months mapping out, with the aid of the displays department, just what the Christmas decorations will be like this year — the overall theme that will be carried out in all aspects of display artistry throughout the store. Each year the department stores vie with each other to produce the most imaginative, the most elaborate, the most Christmassy of Christmas trimmings that their designers can possibly dream up.

In New York, the advent of Christmas window-decking is somewhat delayed by the Thanksgiving decorations that

must come down before the Xmas ones can go up. But in Canada, Thanksgiving is out of the way by the end of October, and Montreal department stores start bringing out the styrofoam reindeer long before November is well under way. Of course, the severity of the Canadian winters may have something to do with this variation in merchandising techniques.

It's not only the department stores. Even the odd gas station seems to find room in its Dunlop-crammed windows for a few sprigs of plastic holly. Take Dunn's, for instance. The psychological effect of that food-filled showcase can hardly be increased by festooning it with strings of coloured lights. But there they are, in among the salamis and the cheeses and the cherry-topped sundaes, doing their bit to add festive cheer to the glutinous jumble behind the groaning glass.

For sheer ability to lay it on thick, though, the department stores have it over all the small shops and restaurants. Reveling in all those feet of window space to fill, and the immense variety of merchandise with which to fill it, their decorators achieve unparalleled heights of fancy — like Eaton's east window full of ruby-red French poodles, serenading two sleeping poppets on synthetically-euphonious violins (wasn't it the cat and the fiddle?).

Each department store has its traditional outdoor decorations — like Holt Renfrew's Christmas trees above the main entrances — and the window-trimmings seem to follow a stylized pattern, too. Simpson's grotesque chuckling Santa; Ogilvie's multi-faceted Steiff animal display, complete with drawbrid-

whatcha doin' or in there charlie?

ge, castle, and cannon: these have become as much a part of Montreal's streets at Christmas time as the snow. The rest of the displays are equally in character.

Holt Renfrew projects a suave, expensive atmosphere of chinchilla and mink, gold lamé and frothy negligees. Christmas is kept in the background. Emphasis is on the acquisition of these glistening baubles, luxurious laces, snuggly furs. A few heriboned packages in the arms of chubby-cheeked red-kneed child mannequins prefigure Xmas morning under the tree.

Ogilvie's — still suave, still expensive, but here the emphasis is definitely on gift-giving. Possibly the best windows in town, with no need to rely on extraneous decorations to achieve the effect. The articles themselves, in artful disarray, make up the composition. The windows on Mountain St. take up the nursery tale theme in showing books, dolls, and toys for children. This year, all the female mannequins very Mod-ishly sport nail polish and incredible false eyelashes.

Simpson's this year has decided to go in for that ethereal "we'll make all your dreams come true" approach. Having declared itself "the Christmas tree store (Le pays de l'arbre de Noël)", its windows are aptly trimmed with Xmas tree decorations, and paneled by synthetic, ornament-encrusted trees in bas-relief.

Most of the Ste. Catherine street windows are given over to filmy night-wear with alternating French and English captions. Two windows are devoted to assorted bath soaps, bub-

ble bath and other parfumerie. Appropriately, the window with the English caption features "Intimate" and "Blue Grass" by Revlon and Elizabeth Arden; the French caption is beneath a display of Fabergé perfumes.

Eaton's windows, characterized in the past by their mail-order catalogue atmosphere, have taken a step up the social ladder this year, with fantastically be-wigged grandes dames in exotic (shocking pink or white) sleepwear and a whimsical setting. The poodles (supplanting last year's Christmas mouse — la souris de Noël) are typical of this swing toward greater sophistication.

Morgan's is always an unknown quantity since their displays seem to waver between extreme elegance and out-of-date dowdiness, though always at respectable prices. This year the store is waiting until the last minute to spring its Christmas windows on the public. Only the windows overlooking the side streets are decorated for the season — more negligees, against an angels' hair (spun glass) backdrop. In the main windows, a sign proclaims: "The History of Christmas... December 18... Come and bring the children — and don't forget Gran'ma... for young and old."

Interesting sidelight: Morgan's and Ogilvie's discreetly erect barriers to screen the window-dresser from the public eye while in the midst of his arrangements; Eaton's, Simpson's, and (sometimes) Holt Renfrew do not. It all depends on how you react to a windowful of nude and occasionally limbless mannequins, on a cold winter's day.

A. B.

Greco's pasta not present

JOSE GRECO at Place des Arts last week.

Spanish dancing belongs in the imported foods department: dependent on national taste and limited popularity. By the brand name "José Greco" it is an international favourite, like spaghetti, which is also Italian in origin. To broaden the appeal, Greco has often minced and strained the authenticity to make the product more commercially palatable; the flavour remains the same.

Greco returns this year with a programme devoted entirely to flamenco. The provincial soft-slipper routines which added variety and charm to his previous performances have been deemed uncommercial and dropped. True, there is surprising variety within the flamenco form but the present show is rather heavy on zapateado (two hours of heel-clicking.)

A vaguely disappointing programme. Greco is aging, slowing down; still a master of the Spanish dance, amazing definition and masculine grace in every move, a commanding presence, showman and artist; but no longer spectacular.

The wild success of this programme is in the least authentic dances (surely a fault; the publicity claims authenticity). The techniques of the Spanish dance make it a highly-developed skill. An extra factor makes it an art. The now-absent group efforts, closest to other European folk dances, contain this factor in greater part in their geometrical patterns and semi-abstractness.

In flamenco duets it is the basic man-woman relationships, with or without plot,

whether fiery or melancholy. But in both these and in the solos it is the sheer joy of physical movement that elevates it to artistry. The few of Greco's small "gypsy" troupe who succeed are the very young "El Millonario" (unbounded enthusiasm and unpolished technique) who unfortunately does a Spanish twist, and Carmen Quintero, not only an expert of zapateado but the exponent of an amazing 5 BX with castanets. And she has a comic flair Quite brilliant but slightly Ed Sullivan. For flamenco, Greco's nose knows no bounds.

The remaining performers are strong on technique, weak on guts, for gypsies. Blasé is allegedly the other side of the Pyrénées. The women are generally quite fine, especially in duet with Greco, to whom none of the previous applies, except in his selection of programme.

About the Place des Arts. Isn't it too big? Should that ugly-beautiful Spanish singing have to be amplified? What is the sound of two hands clapping a mike? Will the lighting men ever learn? (Arrive?) Is José Greco with Actor's Equity?

Que sera... J.D.F.

PANORAMA

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A Farewell to Marian

MARIAN ANDERSON, contralto, in a recital at Place des Arts, Nov. 10.

Marian Anderson's farewell concert was a stirring and memorable occasion. Her voice has lost some of its great physical power and sometimes has an edge, but then these signs of age have toppled singers ten years younger than she.

Somehow, this makes little difference in her ability to communicate with her audience — she seems to make a spiritual rather than auditory contact.

In the first half of the programme, Miss Anderson displayed her lower range, still without parallel, in Haydn's "The Spirit Song" and in Schubert's "Der Erkönig", certainly one of the evening's high-

lights. The song is a three-way dialogue calling for a rapid shifting in and out of three vocal ranges and was handled with superb effect.

Samuel Barber's "Nocturne" is a bland, nondescript piece with no particular emotion but this didn't prevent Miss Anderson from adding enough of her art to justify its inclusion in the programme. Britten's "Ploughboy" is a cute little ditty suffused with gay nonchalance that proved a welcome change of pace.

There have been a number of settings made for "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" and Roger Quilter's as sung by the lady from Philadelphia is perhaps the best contemporary version I have heard. None of these, however, come up to the appropriateness of that of T.A. Arne, a contemporary of Haendel, whose settings of the Shakespeare songs are classics. Nevertheless, as with the need for modern scenarios for the plays, fresher approaches are always called for in the songs.

The rest of the evening was devoted to spirituals, and it was here that Marian Anderson's almost mystical qualities were

most evident. She is a universal missionary who has always fought for the rights of man. One tends to think that her retirement from singing and consequent full devotion to the cause of human rights will plunge her into even more fervent work.

Many of the old favourites were included among the spirituals: "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands", "Comin' Thro' the Rye", and "Hear de Lam's A-Cryin'". The first, along with "Ave Maria", is an Anderson classic and the audience approved with wild acclaim.

It is impossible to analyze any of Miss Anderson's interpretations. It is also pointless to generalize by speaking of her style, as she is not bounded by such limitations. She inflects a distinct, unfathomable quality into every song, whether it be a Schubert Lieder or a traditional spiritual.

Marian Anderson is far more than a mere artist; she is a spiritualist, a missionary, and a mystic. The sincerity and intrinsic beauty of her singing is simply without parallel.

Eitan Cornfield

First Prize — Prose

Real Reflections in Image

Morag Fleming

Blue carcasses of shadow flung over the snow; dead trees with dead houses smooth on a vibrant white. The milky laughter of the wind at its leaves, silken fronds of sound bedecking the coarse spiky skeletons of trees. Little pocked paths trace blue lines of footsteps; ugly, defiling the pure skin of new-fallen snow, breaking the clean smooth lines and ridges — the etchings of a great artist. The cold curves, more crude than any nakedness, and yet more delicate. The touching wind created this, with long slender fingers, with litheness and slanted motion. Whips and ripples of soft, crystal powder curve and clasp, folding under and over, crossing and bending, bowing in shape to a master's creation. Deep gullies sucked under, high, thin knife-edges climbing upwards. Rushing urgently, fearfully with clamour for a place in the beauty, tiny wind-made snow-drops fall and tumble and hurry, now in the swift air, now in a frozen pattern.

A road borders the snow, much used, a deep graze of bruised, machine-bound earth; a grey, scraped car-way; a scarred, lost road. Snow, a white balm, trickles in thin ribbons across the surface, trying to remove the nearness

of memories, the nearness and keenness of the scraping blade, the thumping vigour of wheels and the sharp, sickening jerks of machinery. Poor land, trying to sleep and dream, you can find no peace with this age. You cannot rest now; the world is too hurried for dreams; the people do not want your dreams; they look for time. They search wildly with hands too full of greed and eyes too blind with self. Time is only with those who wait; spirits of understanding and mercy will find Time; minds of peace will know Time; hearts with hope will use Time.

Who are the people that use this road?

The slow, careful old woman, scarf binding the quiet grey hair, ankles thick in stolid snowboots. Her face is mapped with lines; with sadness, humility and trust. But she has not laughed; her mouth is grim and her eyes empty. Hope once lit her up — who quenched her understanding? Life moved on. The snow is just snow to her, the trees are just trees and other people are just blank images.

Three laughing girls walk abreast, stabbing the air with their mirth. They seem to have what the old woman has not, smooth ripe faces, strong bo-

dies, firm hands clutching books — clutching knowledge — but they are old too. Their laughter is thoughtless, their understanding centred on physical emotion. Memories have no meaning for them; their thoughts are blank and shallow. Life holds out glittering arms to them. Experience can plead a case for the future; they can learn to understand and know. Will they learn? Or are they the future, walking ahead leaving an inevitable end to catch up with them — the old woman?

Scampering like a puppy, with bursts of energy and sudden pauses, a child, carefully wrapped in a warm coat runs and twists and stamps along the snow. His enjoyment wraps him as warmly as his coat; no one else can share it, nobody can understand the utter abandon of his mind and senses to the physical cold and freshness, to the panting of breath, sting of the wind and stretch of movement and muscles. Dryness in an open mouth, bite of teeth on lips and cold tenseness of numb chin. Tomorrow he will come again and run again and feel all this again. Happiness will not be blunted by repetition. He does not analyse or wonder or think; he is

Night is drifting over the snow like a veil, parting here to show the square glow of lit windows, closing there to hide the rancid reflection of street lights. A tall man pushes aside the darkness as he approaches the road. Parcels give him a grotesque bulkiness and the shadow of a monster. His sad face, lined, with thin, drooping mouth and dark eyes, is a carving, brutal and pathetic under the lights. The face of a man who has lost his life with indecision and a self-knowledge he could not understand. He is society's idol, good-looking, successful, loved and rich. But, courage to seek is gone; all his dreams have left him, and he is empty.

Road, who else have you seen? Did you see the laughing, running schoolboy, to whom physical strength is all? The hurrying mother creased with worry and bothered with small things? The rough-handed, hod-booted labourer, tired and dull and satisfied? Little girls holding hands, obedient feet moving, slowly, heavily; gentle, kind old couples?

Have you seen the spring? When each day is like the first bite into a juicy, melting peach? Green spidery grass covers your edges and seeps into cracks; shoes scrape the grey of stones and white dust hazes up, darkened with the flickering shadows — shadows of life and hope. Life — spring is life; the amber sunlight and piercing blue sky is life. The squat houses seem to come alive, the air vibrates, the children shout echoes away. Feet, feet, moving down your surface, faster and faster. Time is racing now, racing into summer. Heat comes, heat goes.

The old woman comes trudging slowly, evenly. Hurry, hurry, old woman; the world cannot wait — there is no time — no time — where is time?

The days become chains of captured feeling hung around the scrawny neck of experience; precious moments stolen from grasping needs and worldly fulfillment. Summer, hot and clammy with sweat grows and builds into an image of thought — slowly moving sluggish animal, spreading its hot breath over the road, burning the grass, shining the heat-coated stones; raw feet feel the bumps, every toe grubbing the cracks. The smooth-grained skin of the earth seems open and moans for wetness. Thirsty land can have no water; thirsty minds can find no hope. Summer of desolation is passing like a vulture, spread-winged, drawing the life-blood of thought and want. Sun gilds the road with white heat; so hot, beating on bare arms; savage palms down over the houses and brown grass. Life is panting; faint and dizzy, she grows blank, wanting only coolness and the gentle touch of faith.

A wild scream of laughter, coarse laughter of staring sun and blind grasping heat. Fingers clutching, grasping, searching — where is time — time is gone, lost. No, no, no — nails claw, scraping, digging, screaming.

In the dim blue of evening, when breezes move through trees in quiet sympathy, it is good to sit and watch the people passing down the Road. The Road, bruised and old and understanding, is beautiful. The Road is Time.

Second Prize — Prose

A Strange Woman

Leonard Angel

There was once a young woman whose smile could be compared only to a cluster of leaves arranged spirally to form a crown, at the centre of which was an object — never before seen — that reflected light like a diamond with infinitely small sides. No—not such a diamond, for a diamond is hard—they say the hardest of all rocks—for it gave the appearance, this queer jewel, of being without substance, and entirely light. There might be confusion between the light and the source of light; then again, the light endured so steadfastly, it might have been diamond, except that even diamond, for this, would be too perishable. They say diamond is made from leaf and becomes leaf; perhaps this is true for that object.

Letting such things pass, we can at least begin to describe her more accurately by saying that she went by the name of Rhoda. This, however, was her name only with qualifications. If she would be asked, "What is your name?" — as is to be expected — she would, in all probability, reply with some totally different name — Cassandra, Mandy, Alaghuena, — even names one wouldn't suspect of her. But Rhoda it was written from birth, and Rhoda it is. Indeed, so much is her name Rhoda and only Rhoda that on the back of her calve muscle there is a scar in the shape "R", which she will occasionally display to a fortunate friend or lover. But the R is traced out obscurely there, and might — if one were not more careful —

mistake it at times for another letter totally — such as C or A. Though this would be quite inexplicable, it seems the scar traces out its pattern obscurely for the precise object of making itself have no distinguishable purpose, or if any, then to mislead.

A friend once asked her how the scar was incurred, and dared to suggest that perhaps its purpose was to contain not R at all, but some letter of a language as yet uninvented, but of course received an answer in riddles. The idea occurred to this friend that this was not riddles she gave him, but a perfectly direct and coherent answer — but in another language — perhaps the very language of the hidden letter. But his of course got him no fur-

ther, for her would never dare learn the language, which he feared, as most of her friends, contained only secrets too terrifying in every syllable for a man to understand.

What matters to Rhoda, beside ornamentals and exquisite fixtures of light made of the purest, the longest distilled prisms, are men; and she has had five proposals of marriage.

The first came when she was 12, from a butterfly who was playing in the garden. She said, "Who are you?" and the butterfly flew upon her young naked breasts, for she always wandered alone and beautifully nude into the garden. The second came from a smiling youth of nineteen, whose teeth reminded Rhoda of knives and the white of the moon. He was a child-promiser, and soon his eyes came to remind her of a diluted substance thicker than earth. The third was a genius at cracking nuts, nothing more, and was hardly even considered. The fourth was a magician. He caught Rhoda alone once at a well, and announced himself: "I am the magician with a long history from Araby. I have performed levitations; I

have severed women in two; I have produced birds from empty cages; furthermore, I have seventy diplomas". She saw his eyes through the well water, but was too afraid to look directly at him; also she knew she was dreaming; she felt like a child and wanted to weep, and for a split second, her eyelashes closed over her eyes. Because his body was all a man's, she let herself touch him and his strange flesh. But despite herself, she refused this one hope, the man with credentials.

The fifth brought nothing and wanted nothing; he stood openly before her like a man caught turning away from an accident — his or another's. He was like a night that has somehow come, gone, and remained. When he tumbled over with her on the grass she grabbed hold of a bunch of leaves, almost as if to break her fall, and on the ground noticed that their sharp edges had cut a strange pattern upon the back of her beautiful leg.

At last her lovers were gone; she bent over in a secret light which only she saw, and kissed the green and red-fringed leaf.

Third Prize - Prose

Quest

John Baglow

He ripped open his throat with his hands and pulled his heart through the opening and gazed at it curiously as crimson spilled down from a reddish tube, an artery. Staring, convicted and convinced by his action, he replaced it and closed the wound. A child cried; he felt pain and hopelessness. A mob hanged a man different from themselves; he felt in himself the screams of agony which were of course meant for hymn, but not of God.

Ruggedly his pursuit quickened visibly in the stillness of limbo; he hurried to a vast, brown-green, windswept plain — to a parched knoll on which grew a groping, stark tree. He interlocked his fingers in its branches which became a soft hand, stirring him. The tree had become a brown-eyed girl who struggled against him, but he thought she fought his touch less than sincerely. He opened his fingers.

And lay by a cool stream that instantly became a stream of fire which cooled his aching brow.

The moon swam into view from the sea and overspread him with reflected radiance. (He couldn't see the craters, but his vague uneasiness testified to their presence.) Silver-finned fishes sprang out of the sea to greet him, but were answered by a frosty despair. A forest swallowed the sea and

tore at him with its many fingers. To rush is one thing but to leave another. Perhaps he would fly.

And join the wheeling, grey-soft gulls, whining out their hunger as they drift in lazy circles over an ice-green sea, its breath roughening his feathers with cold, prying into his brain and clutching with cold fingers at his being. He dived, became a fiery shooting-star in a black void, which was not in heaven. He fell to a city with empty buildings which reflected the state of the soulless shells and heartless minds which dwelt there, crying for their mothers. He died and lived and loved in vain; he became an empty heart, swaying to the beat of the deserted city. No, and do not comfort the comfortless, a wasted effort, which might be better spent on skimming through galaxies with the many-winged birds of death. To soar once more, and to return again to the cool fields and valleys, soft hills and pasture for the bull.

Die! die! die! screamed the squirrels, busier than he in their frantic search. Cry! cry! laughed the wind through the branches of his forest. One still small voice — but no — no truth in sight, but much beauty clung to him like leeches, which are not beautiful.

A soft dance in his brain and through his blood made a life of his agony but he did not join in and not because of tiredness.

Not to kill but to seek, for him was beauty and not truth, but he heard again the black man's agony and the hungry child weeping over her mother's corpse feeling pain and yet no meaning, but despair.

He was that child, laughing down a flowered, green, sunny hill to find the corpse of his dreams and not in flight. To gambol goat-like on that knoll once, but embrace a tree and not the girl of the brown eyes — he could not live for a miracle or for prey like the others. Seek, but fly further than the black stretches of beyond, further than a star, higher than a bird's nest; be louder than a bomb. But to love, not to kill!

But there are many to kill, few to love, and those you love make you one to kill unless God is on Your Side which is not often. Burrow deep in the earth but come out again, for you are not free — fly higher than the moon, escape all bonds but your being. He reflected, and found himself on an island where trumpets thundered and black-gold birds played the instruments of love, and where fire was love and loved, and brought relief, and the melody

sailed on the island like an open boat on the mother sea.

He lusted for his manhood, and found it not on the island for he was not of it or in it and he fled restlessly, onward to blackness but not despair. He rid himself of all bonds but the one which was himself and he ran the marathon to tell no others but himself and he fought in Vietnam and died in Cuba, but not to kill, to love! He could not kill only shadows of his consciousness and his non-death spiritual salvation — seeking-never-finding that for which to search.

Cry, please cry, and take him out to sea and drop him but he will live, not drown in the sea of his tears, and the sea will care for him; he will not fly to the other shore for not — nice things and hate, to make him be a man. They cannot love, but they can take it, and it hurts, and it may change anytime, anywhere but here which is nowhere. Lie, lie, lie for me he, agonized, cried to live, but not for trees, cried to love, not to kill. But it was too much, he could not flee himself, though he tried, but he could not flee the others, and a fancy came to him and he dissected himself with his own scalpel, but he could not look at his eyes and could not tell his feeling bad and black among the still leaves in the wood-leaf smoke of autumn forests and the cold white blanket of winter with its beauty and hate. Red is the colour, but not of my true love's hair, he thought, it sometimes gives me purpose all the same. Forked lightning crept out of its hole to pierce him and blast his brain with eye-shattering hate.

He wasn't a poet maybe but he flew at the stinging, lash-

ing hail and he bowed like a poet. He may not have escaped all chains but he could still sing and enjoy it. He dived deep in the sea of his life and — came up dripping, for no other purpose than life itself, but he cried sea-tears which broke from him to start their own life with each other, until the sun dried them and boiled away the sea.

But can the sun be my sea, he recoiled at the thought. The sun is my sea, I shall not want, it maketh me lie down by cool streams. Will it make me lie down in green fields? He could still think of trees and like it but he could live, for any period other than the crying of gulls in symphony as they steam to death in the sun and it grows black and watery, cool but warm in the right places.

To cry is to hate but oneself to cry means to cut all links, which can't be done except to cease this torment; if that be bad, to sever, all bonds. He visited many islands till the sunset slackened his drive and he became a dolphin and splashed in the starry rainbows of all time but the present.

Live but don't cry, or hate, or blacken the dark pits of overflowing, overwhelming life and creation and don't fall in love with trees unless they make the first advances.

The sun showered sparks of fear and glittering gold into his hair and through his brain where they merged into a blinding warm gold, river that flowed through his veins like ice and again he felt a warning, truth that could blacken, but not erase, the spirit with the stench of death, decay and hate, if leaving him bewildered; love not trees unless they love you.

Rusty Agonistes

The Deserter
by Douglas LePan
McClelland and Stewart
\$5.95

Reviewed by
Barbara Kay

The Deserter, first novel of poet Douglas LePan, is, as the title suggests, the story of a young man's desertion from the army two months before his release is due, and his subsequent adventures throughout the course of some unspecified number of months. In an effort, presumably, to evoke an "Everyman" quality from the book, the author has left the setting totally unidentified (London probably) while the hero is introduced only as 'Rusty'. Hardly a fresh theme in western literature, anti-heroism, a peculiarly twentieth century phenomenon, has not yet been completely exploited, though Hemingway made a first-rate stab at it. And Mr. LePan's subject matter is meaty indeed: where can a young man of moral integrity (we never know for cer-

tain), sickened beyond endurance by the bestiality and mechanized horror of modern warfare (we assume), find his niche in the world? What can he do to justify his existence in a society where he is considered, by virtue of his desertion, its lowest common denominator? He evidently can't return to the family and girlfriend who Don't Understand Him. He can only associate with those on the periphery of society. In this contrived social limbo Rusty runs through a series of half-articulated relationships seeking the answer to a half-articulated dilemma.

There is no disputing the amount of extremely creditable writing in this novel; unfortunately the best writing rarely touches or envelops any of the characters in the book. That is, the hero is never really captured in a relationship; consequently he himself is left undeveloped as an individual. Dialogues are forced and constricted, pockets of literary bathos in a otherwise sensitive control and rendering of language. As if aware of his deficiency in this area, the author at one point tries to cope with it by a shift to prose-poetry larded with lush, sensual image-

ry. It fails because the speakers are a group of despicable low-life characters; the disparity between their speech and their personalities becomes a somewhat painful experience for the reader.

Mr. LePan has a fine, dreamy sense of the poetic and can use it to advantage on occasion. For the most part, though, the psychic ramblings of the hero, who is never very sympathetic in any case, are a strain on the reader's patience. There is not enough action to sustain the constant self-analysis which leads nowhere and says very little; after a time, Rusty's mental meanderings begin to look suspiciously like intellectual show-off on the author's part, which would be fine were there more intellect and less show...

At the end of the novel the hero turns himself in to the police after some sort of psychic epiphany whose meaning and source are shrouded in a volley of obscure imagery and associations; as a finale it is frankly unconvincing, only because Rusty himself is unconvincing and two-dimensional throughout the novel. This lack of vitality in the hero (and in the other characters) seems to derive from the author's deadly sincere, but somewhat querulous intrusiveness. Rusty seems only a half-hearted mask for the author's struggle for The

Answer, whatever it is, to The Question, whatever it is. Mr. LePan asks too many questions in this novel and answers none. Worse, he affirms and denies nothing, not even negation, the seemingly committed ending notwithstanding. If the novel is

to be enjoyed, it must be appreciated on the merit of its language and its sincerity, for there is a plethora of both; but as a novel in the round it must be adjudged a mediocre effort.

Rusty Agonistes

forge

FORGE, the annual McGill Literary magazine, will be appearing on Campus next term. The Editorial Board is still accepting contributions of short stories, poems, and art work. Contributions should be handed in to John in the Union Tuckshop.

literary contest

We are pleased to announce the winners of the annual Daily Literary Contest.

POETRY:

First Prize - Seymour Mayne
Second Prize - Jagdip Maraj
Third Prize - Alex Urquhart
Honourable Mention - Grover Furr, Robert Lakoff.

PROSE:

First Prize - Morag Fleming
Second Prize - Leonard Angel
Third Prize - John Baglow

We would like to thank Professor Beresford-Howe who judged the prose entries and the members of the English Department who judged the poetry entries. Our thanks are also due to the McGill University Bookstore, Classic Books, Mansfield Book Mart, and Poole's Bookstore.

Robinson vs. Layton

Round Three

Dear Literary Editor,

Irving Layton, alias Zeus the Rooster, alias Jupiter the Chicken, notwithstanding his reputation for rushing into print, has been funereally slow in replying to my challenge to define his standards for poetic criticism and so show how he separates out the 5% charmed-circle of critics and professors from the other 95%, who are of the toilet-cleaning variety. Some people might suspect that it's because, even using the hotline between himself and his critic pals, he has failed to come up with a refutation.

So you'll pardon me for feeling rosy these days and in a chattier mood than in other letters I've written recently. (I'm feeling doubly chatty in sending this letter to both the *Daily* and *Georgian*, feeling that the affair is of interest to both campuses.) Most letters to the editor do in fact tend to be cold and impersonal and so thought I'd ask you without further ado how literature is. In the best of health I should like to think, despite my horrible fears to the contrary.

Next let me congratulate the English Department of Sir George for the cocktail parties it throws. As it had two years ago, it took the initiative of inviting English departments in Montreal and even outside it. Its liquor and hospitality are to be equally praised and I'm sure that we would also all have enjoyed the exhibition of Canadian art in their faculty club had we actually got around to looking at it. (McGill reciprocated last year with a trans-Montreal party.)

It was there I met Irving Layton socially for the first time. There he was with a slightly sinister smile on his face and his clothes thoroughly rumpled, standing beside an open door which revealed — lo and behold — a toilet. The truth, the literal truth. If I perceived rightly, the supply of paper was low, which suggest Layton had been particularly productive as a poet that day. Since James Joyce theorized aesthetically, such revelations of universal truth in a moment of time have been known as epiphanies. I do like to think this moment will come to have some small significance in the literary history of Montreal.

Actually when you begin talking with Layton, you are aware of a certain human charm and are actually tempted to think of him as a human being. You have to remind yourself that this is an illusion and what you have before your eyes is, in fact, Irving Layton. I am afraid I have had to take even a dimmer view of him than I had before. Now instead of being able to regard him as a simple paranoiac, with predictable delusions of grandeur, I have to see in him a schizophrenic paranoiac, who has moments of normality, and this seems to me a pretty hoary form of mental derangement. In fact, alongside it simple paranoia sounds like good clean fun.

We had no sooner exchanged pleasantries than I challenged him anew to a debate. It was not long before the number of subjects he refuses to debate had swelled yet more, to reach perhaps fifteen or sixteen. One I'd have thought he'd find particularly luscious is deliberating on the relative value of the life experience of each of us. The only thing I was able to get him to shake hands on was to settle our differences in the ring, i.e. in fistcuffs, a boxing match.

Perhaps we shook on this a little kiddingly, but a boxing match seems to me at this point very apt and I consider a solemn agreement has been made. There were in fact two witnesses present, John Buell of Loyola and Betty MacLean of Sir George. Yes, what Montreal poetry needs is a fight. After all, it has been taken over by bullies, with Layton the leader, who as much as say in poem after poem, "I'm tougher than you, Wanta do something about it?" You cannot answer such a challenge only by poems and polemic. From time immemorial bullies have had to be dealt with in a fight, a clean fight. So I am waiting for Layton's formal public acceptance of this way of settling our differences. (As this literary quarrel now impinges on sports, I am writing a special letter to the Sports Editor, to inform him and his readers of the situation. See page 22.)

Meanwhile, I am submitting a further couple of poems. One is to suggest that the man-woman encounter may have a little something other than the utterly predictable. The other is something of a Christmas poem, in which I want to show Layton there are really no hard feelings, by comparing him with another great Canadian. Just to make doubly clear there are not potshots intended, I have written it in blank verse.

Yours truly,
Brian Robinson.

PICASSO AND SEX

In this room of candlelight
Quavering on pale blue walls,
Here are we
Prettily ensconced in the wine-dark sofa

A series of eccentric circles—
Arms enfolding,
Glimmering rims of rye-on-the-rocks glasses,
Warm lobes of the brain
And lambent curvilinear eyes,

So gay are we,
So merry modern we,
Rapt to the upside-down strains of a Picasso guitar.

B. R.

For Brian Robinson's second poem, see page 20 of the literary section.

For the Cold Weather:

Five poems by Patrick MacFadden

And There's Not Much Snow Can Do

Snow? There's not much snow can do
except to slow you down
And love? There's not much love can do
except to slow you down;
one year off your life they say.
Each Time.

But when I leave you, one year older,
and walk a white snow-mile
I think how strange it is
how much death falls from you, from
(me,
Each Time.

Free Choice

"Fliers' boots are used to fly
or wade or put to sea in
after-ski boots sometimes serve
to sit and after ski in
leather cracks in salt and leaks
and lets the morning mist in
cossack boots are right for toes
or peace to coexist in
sealskin also is a place
for winter limbs to move in
and kinky boots are all the rage
for making out or love in."

Winter prowling on the corner
itching for his baton swing;
Santa hiccups from the window
glory to the newborn king.

Slouched and beaten little half-souls
blinking oddly into morgan's
"Humble rubbers are the best
for grinding out on barrel-organs."

* * *

Each affords or ill-affords
A way of keeping in the heat,
But tell me, Jesus, is there still
Point in kissing people's feet?

When the Snow Came

I am glad you were not here
when the snow came:
The first of it nervously edged to my
shoulder,
But I walk with it, carry it, carefully;
It is no extra weight.
I am glad you were not here
when the snow came:
Snowfalls ago the first of it edged to
my shoulder
and waited the brush of your
hand.
All love in its subsequent, circling
flutter,
I am glad you were not here
when the snow came:
I would not like you to see
how I stumble under its weight.

It Was the Cold Hudson

It was the cold hudson and all of it
the time Morris McGee came to America
for the cold gold that he thought
was in it.

With his new wife and her cold soul in
shivering tweeds.

All winter
he beat snow from his fists in Brooklyn
while his heart withered waiting
for the goodtime
That would fill the empty pot of their
friday needs.

It was the cold hudson and all of it.
After four christmases
he strangled her nagging with the
clothesline
then
stood on a chair and hanged himself
with the same.

The cold neighbours arranged a decent
burial
and said to each other the whole
thing was rather a shame.

For the cold hudson and all of it.
Me, I salute you, Morris, today
For you made a mess of yourself
and the unemployment averages
In your highly-strung individual way;
Not forgetting either your radical
solution to senility
And lastly, Morris, by Jesus, your jig
and reel agility.

The Coldest Dawn...

The coldest dawn that ever dawned
on the policeman and the newsboy and
me,

We hated us, the trinity of us
sharing the morning opposite the
Westmount Library.
Until the front wheel slipped.
600 copies of the gazette never
delivered
blown over the park across the railway
lines
squished into printed slush by the
protestant buses.

No bridge problems today
No big opening sale today
No big reitman's knickers today
No big bombs today
No usually well-informed source
No guilt-edged news from the
bourse.
600 gazettes with nothing to say:
Weialala.

The coldest dawn that ever dawned
heard us laughing
the policeman and the newsboy and me
To think that good things happen
on such a cold day.

Second Prize-Poetry

Come Let Us Dance Again

Jagdip Maraj

We were alive that evening
When we danced with the wind.

And you were soft and smooth
As a low whistle in the dark
With its secret message.

Afterwards you lay on the ground
Wearing the peace of a hindu mystic
And I dared not touch you.

Come let us dance again
Let us whirl our beings into one
And being one ascend our former heights.

First Prize-Poetry

Approaching Storm

Seymour Mayne

I lay back, face towards the thunder-soaked
clouds,
expected a vein of lightning
to spurt out above me.
Then bent over, as a turtle withdrawing,
knew that if terror were to strike
better turn my back
and leave sudden illuminations
to the defenceless tree.
Everything rustled — the wood
like a herd of zebras
apprehensive of a lurking cheetah,
I could imagine its hurried footprints
inexorable like seals in the damp earth,
imagined till I wished I were one with
the shrubs and motionless plants;
and it was only
a baby red spider seemingly
cowering beneath my book,
as I brushed him off,
that led me to turn over,
rest on my knees
and chortle as I looked round
at the rooftops peeping out
from among tall trees.

cument itself. It was a tally of hidden treasure troves, scattered throughout Judea, with an estimated value of 2,100 pounds of silver and 250 pounds of gold.

Unfortunately, the scribe was guilty of careless "stylus-manship", which coupled with the cryptic references to the sites involved, presented effective obstacles to the discovery of the lucrative treasure caches. Moreover, it is probable that the deposits constituted the fabulous treasure of the Temple of Jerusalem and if so they were sacred. If they were uncovered and defiled by profane use, the wrath of God would surely descend on the defilers.

It is with the attempts to recover these sacred funds that John Allegro is primarily concerned. The author presents an intriguing account of his travels to the various sites which he believes to be mentioned in the scroll. He gives their historical background and describes the problems which preclude his substantiating the existence of the treasure.

In picturing the historical background, he recounts absorbing anecdotes of the troubled times of the Maccabees (167-63 B.C.), the history of Herod's dreaded family, and the tempestuous Zealots' revolt, crushed by Vespasian in 70 A.D.

For instance, one of the Zealot leaders, Simon bar Giora, was trapped in a secret underground passage by which he had hoped to escape from occupied Jerusalem. Taking advantage of the Roman soldiers' renowned superstition, he wrapped himself in white tunics and arose mysteriously from his hiding place, into the guarded square above. The Romans drew back aghast, then cautiously approached and bade the "spectre" follow them to their general. He proved less gullible and threw Simon in chains.

In such underground conduits, honey-combing Jerusalem, much of the treasure lies hidden. Where exactly is a mystery. By whom it was concealed is equally a question for speculation. Perhaps it was the Jewish recluse community at Qumran, the Essenes, whose beliefs had Christian tendencies, or perhaps the Zealots, whose desire for a New Jerusalem led to the suppression of all opposition until they themselves were destroyed.

Throughout the book John Allegro plays the role of the archaeologist-detective. With the aid of thirty-four illustrations and eighteen maps, he presents his attempts to unravel the mystery of the "Treasure of the Copper Scroll".

T. G. Collard

Holy Loot

Treasure of the Copper Scroll
by John Marco Allegro
Anchor Books, illustrated
Doubleday and Company.
\$1.45

In 1947, a Bedouin shepherd found the first of the Dead Sea Scrolls in a cave a half-mile south of the ruins of Khirbet Qumran, on the north-west side of the Dead Sea. The discovery rocked the archaeological world and the popular press alike.

In 1952, a team of archaeologists, lead by a Frenchman, Henri de Contensan, in searching for further scrolls in the same vicinity made a find quite unlike anything yet discovered in the desert caves of the Holy Land. It was a copper scroll. Three sheets of pure

copper were riveted together and rolled up like a jelly-roll. It was by now completely oxidized and impossible to handle without disintegration. On the outer surface large square Hebrew characters, indented into the copper, could be indistinctly discerned.

The scroll was flown to the Manchester School of Science and Technology. There it was affixed to a spindle and with the aid of a miniature disc-saw attached to a dentist's drill, long horizontal strips were cut from the edge and each sprayed with celluloid preservatives. It was translated by John Allegro and returned to Jordan for further scrutiny.

What was revealed by the scroll proved even more astounding than the metallic do-

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Directory of Students, 1964-1965
Students' Society
McGill University
35¢

Directories, indeed lists of own favourites are Burke's own favourites are Burke's Peerage (for its extraordinary baroque quality), Crockford's (for an understanding of Trollope) and the Canadian Who's Who (to find which of one's professors has made it and what his public politics is — Independent Liberal is very chic at the moment). Best of all, of course, was the much-lamented and engagingly-titled Ladies Directory which appeared briefly in London after the Wolfenden Report had driven the oldest profession underground; it listed names, addresses, attributes and special interests with an aplomb that the Marquis would have envied, and it served as a continual source of inspiration, a kind of vade mecum of pleasure at those times when things became just too much. One could tell a gentleman in those days by simply looking at his bookcase.

The Directory of Students is not quite in the same field. In its own way, however, it does succeed in what it sets out to do — to map in great detail the way we live now. From Aaron to Zysman it picks its way delicately and with admirable objectivity through the slush of N.D.G. to the slush of Lachine, incorporating en route exotic points such as Port of exotic points such as Port of Spain and Gorakhpur. Surely, at least until next year, this must be the final word on the subject?

The type-face is different; longer, somehow thinner, as if to suggest a phased withdrawal. Whether this is a highly-sophisticated reference to the political vicissitudes of English Montreal or just another example of a new and vigorous approach, it is difficult to say.

There are a number of French names as well, brave people who are running the risk of collaborationist charges when the New Dispensation finally begins to dispense. This fate, one suggests, could be avoided with a little foresight: Gagnon, for example, could be run as Gag Non, thus disguising his identity and at the same time suggesting that McGill receives the odd refugee from Saigon.

A "feature" of this year's Directory is its three-column format, certainly a startling departure from tradition; another change is in the quality of the paper, which can only be described as serviceable. It should be added, however, that the thinness of the paper means the Directory does stay open at the page, thus allowing one both hands free for whatever one might want both hands free for.

All the old favourites are still here. The much loved front section continues to list the fraternities, the Naval Training Division, the Reserve University Squadron, the Officers' Training Corps — in fact all that one could want. One can find the Dean of Dentistry and Tickets for Football and Hockey. The English Department remains, however, elusive.

The main body of the work is, as the Christmas reviewers say, full of good things. One or two mysteries — what is a H SD Dip2 or for that matter a 3 TCHRS1? And it is legitimate to cavil at the complete absence of the French language. One would have thought the SEC could have spared the occasional acute accent. It is the least we can do.

But it is comforting to see the "Y's" and "Z's" growing apace. For too long they have been something of an afterthought. Their growth makes it all the more unfortunate then that the "X's" should have only one representative. This is a position of lonely eminence — can we not elect, perhaps, some honorary "X's" — if only to stave off culture shock?

But these are quibbles. Timed perfectly to catch the Christmas trade, this work should be a bestseller. Some of us might have preferred it for Thanksgiving Weekend, but no matter. For women, it will surely make a thoughtful gift for the Man Who Has Everything; for the men, it seems just right for that Special Someone — your mother-in-law perhaps, or your girl friend's mother, or, if you are feeling particularly expansive, why not one for each?



The Managing Board

extends to all the students
and faculty of
McGill University
and especially to
our downstairs staff

Season's Greetings

and Best Wishes for a

Happy New Year



Third Prize - Poetry

Fall Out

Alex Urquhart

1.

The forest when you cannot tell
the landmarks multiple
and all the same to me
lifemarks going down for a bit
maps and burrows
marks fall
leaves fall
down
death from our atomic heaven
fall-out angels
slip between lovers
searing a rose
or two
lips
leaving four
one crushed face
none for another.

2.

I hid in the shadows of your limbs
While imperceptibly the leaves fell one by one.

You died the death of children
Who find a better game and become sceptics.

In the nerveless city
I discovered the curse of life
Which is to make it better.

3.

How many times to die?
A person is not like a season, you know,
Nor a bird like a flower.
To say we burned for a day
And a day is enough —
But what of your mysterious disappearance?
Different breasts I learned by heart
Slipped through my fingers;
So sometimes, clenched-fisted in an afternoon,
I see the regeneration of an ashen vulture.
Maybe I learned to lie in the contour of your thigh
For fun
Maybe the final stubbing-out will be something
[lasting.]

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The McGill Chapter of C.I.C.

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Irwin Reichstein: RI 4-6226
(Physics)
Werner Zehetner: 844-4352

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Letters...

(Continued from page 6)

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4. Why then was this play chosen? It can be a great success — witness the West End and Broadway productions. With a large number of Indian students on campus it was an obvious choice. It was a challenge. It gave the individual actor, as well as the director, great scope for interpretation. If it was a failure blame it rather upon the inability of the cast to take full advantage of this opportunity than upon the director who was thus restricted.

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My fellow fornicating Canadians,
Now is the time, the time for the most epochal of decisions.
Are we to fulminate flatulently? I say we are,
And when I have pronounced all the rest of you have pronounced.
Away with old and fetid slogans and away, away, with this one—
"Discretion is the better part of valour."
Let us froth forth a new and imperishable one—
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Ours is a nation whose destiny lies far afield
In the tundras of the night-enshrouded north.
There eskimo passions flame frightened by no puritan dawn.
In the south we have fumed our fill of flag debates.
Now comes the hour for the great flagpole debate.
We shall be famed among the countries of the world,
The first to drop the superfluity of flags.
For when we can have realities, what have we to do with symbols?
Erected flagpoles shall be the glory of our nation.

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A World of His Own

Steve Smith died last summer just before the beginning of term. He had wanted to come back to McGill. The previous year he had won the Shakespeare Scholarship in English. A second printing of his book, *God's Kaleidoscope*, was being prepared. In this article Michèle Hendlitz, who knew him well, tells about his last thoughts on poetry.

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unable to grasp the sordid reality behind it, cancer, which is death.

Irony was Steve's response to tragedy. Bitterness for him would have meant intellectual death. The imminence of death intensified, made acute, the total apprehension of life's primordial attribute — non-permanence. With it, arose an aspiration to affirm belongingness to life. And so Steve expressed his affinity with the Jewish people, and his awareness of alienation, and his desire to live for life. Having the unique vision of the poet, Steve also expressed the unique experience of his own dying.

Experience of the past became internalized for him as a sense of "oneness", a point in time from which he could say in his last summer: "I begin to think that it is perhaps my mission to announce the eternity of death."

At the end, he felt, he said "a kind of queer joy, because everything is so much more intense." And he did not curse. As he said in the last poem, "I looked up to curse... but then I saw the reflection in God's eye."



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Claude Harari
UDS Director

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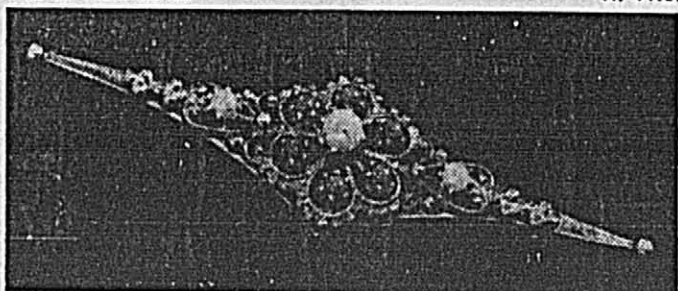
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(Continued from page 6)

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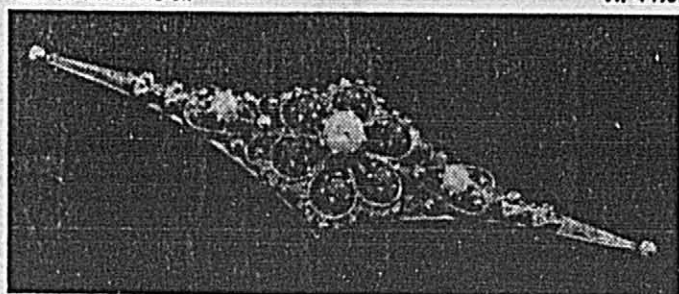
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In the tundras of the night-enshrouded north.
There eskimo passions flame frightened by no puritan dawn.
In the south we have fumed our fill of flag debates.
Now comes the hour for the great flagpole debate.
We shall be famed among the countries of the world.
The first to drop the superfluity of flags.
For when we can have realities, what have we to do with symbols?
Erected flagpoles shall be the glory of our nation.

B. R.

A World of His Own

Steve Smith died last summer just before the beginning of term. He had wanted to come back to McGill. The previous year he had won the Shakespeare Scholarship in English. A second printing of his book, *God's Kaleidoscope*, was being prepared. In this article Michèle Hendlitz, who knew him well, tells about his last thoughts on poetry.

Steve once wrote: "The highest life is the one which represents the creation of meaning from the essential meaninglessness of the universe."

He also said, "Each man is to a greater or lesser degree a world of his own. A great man is aware of the essential meaninglessness, and often, from this sense of personal chaos, comes to give order. The creation is for that world of meaninglessness, reality."

In April 1963 Steve felt the chaos in himself, and said that he was going "for a season in hell". Two months later he was operated on and his leg was amputated. Society is more sensitive to the striking exterior of tragedy than to its essence; and people were disturbed by the unijambism, but

unable to grasp the sordid reality behind it, cancer, which is death.

Irony was Steve's response to tragedy. Bitterness for him would have meant intellectual death. The imminence of death intensified, made acute, the total apprehension of life's primordial attribute — non-permanence. With it, arose an aspiration to affirm belongingness to life. And so Steve expressed his affinity with the Jewish people, and his awareness of alienation, and his desire to live for life. Having the unique vision of the poet, Steve also expressed the unique experience of his own dying.

Experience of the past became internalized for him as a sense of "oneness", a point in time from which he could say in his last summer: "I begin to think that it is perhaps my mission to announce the eternity of death."

At the end, he felt, he said "a kind of queer joy, because everything is so much more intense." And he did not curse. As he said in the last poem, "I looked up to curse... but then I saw the reflection in God's eye."



Steve Smith

University Discount Service

As of today, McGill University Students will have the privilege of receiving discounts at all firms listed in this ad. All that is required to claim your discount is your McGill Student Card.

This list is by no means exhaustive, as more firms will join us later. It will enable students to do their holiday shopping at a discount.

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UDS is initiated by the Canadian Union of Students at McGill, following other similar plans at other CUS member universities.

Claude Harari
UDS Director

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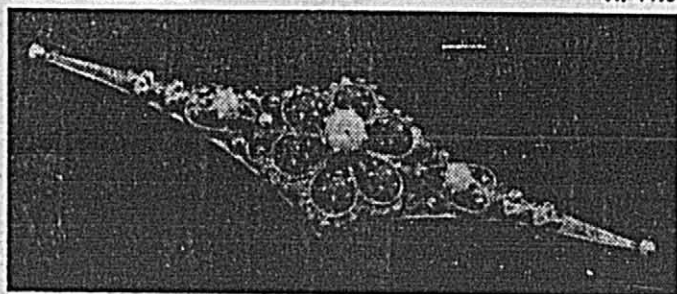
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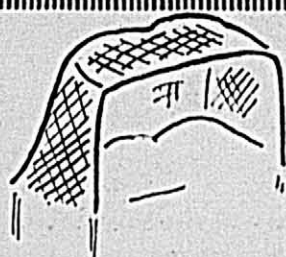


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On Net

by JIM SMITH

REMEMBER TORONTO

When you face a team like Toronto in their home rink with only a fair squad, you hope for some breaks and a tie, but settle for a respectable loss. When you lose four for four front line players and they gain one like Cunningham, you take your lumps and pray for the ice to melt as they pile up.

The physical lumps from last Friday's fiasco are relatively minor, but the lump on the team's ego could be malignant.

The Redmen aren't the team to take points from Toronto and, in the event of a fourth place tie, games between the teams involved rather than goals against will decide who wins a playoff spot. So the difference between 7-5 and 17-5 is only psychological.

The game can't be laughed off — the fact is, only three players, Kerner, Bloomer and Bryant gave top efforts under pressure, and even they were forced into too many mistakes. But adverse conditions abounded and the Blues were being gluttonously greedy.

With a little less bad luck and a little more positive thinking the Redmen won't be the patsies they were in Toronto. The game was a good bad example of what can happen to the club if it's gun-shy; it is not a measure of the team's capabilities.

AND QUEEN'S

In the first period against the Gaels, the shell-shocked Redmen looked like they were playing a fourth period against Toronto. Granted they shaped up during the next two periods, but not enough to dent the twine, and it's still goals that decide hockey games. As a reaction to the Toronto game, the Queen's result was understandable, though not encouraging. The impression is that we can beat Queen's — the fact is that we didn't.

If the Redmen start looking for moral victories, and using last weekend as a yardstick, the season might as well be over now. If they realistically assess their talents and make the most of them, there is still considerable hope for a playoff spot.

ICEING

The loss of Dave Kerr cuts into the Redmen fire power severely when they can ill afford it. Dave played his best ten minutes of hockey this season before he was injured against Waterloo and it is a tribute to his attitude that he was injured while trying to smash through two defencemen in a race for the puck. There is some hope that he will be able to return for the last few games of the season; there will certainly be a place on the team for him.

Redmen edge Waterloo; romped by blues, Gaels

by JIM SMITH

The Redmen were only able to pick up two of a possible six points in the last three games, as they squeaked by Waterloo but lost heavily to Toronto and Queen's in their first road trip.

Waterloo edged

MONTREAL, Dec. 4. — The Waterloo Warriors proved stronger than expected as they came within a goal of tying a ragged but improving Redmen contingent here. A four goal performance by Rick Moore and some clutch third period goal tending by Ken Walters helped the Redmen pull out a narrow 7-6 win to gain their only pre-Christmas points.

The "Clipper Line" of Kerner, Moore and Ripstein continued to fly, potting six of the seven Redmen goals. Moore proved the great opportunist as he capitalized on good passes, weak Warrior goaling and goal mouth scrambles to keep the Redmen in the game.

The Kerr, Kostandoff, Halliwell line looked like it was going some place, but a serious first period knee injury that finished Dave Kerr for the game, and possibly the season, cut their effectiveness. Kostandoff however, showed signs of improvement for the first time, as he came up with his best game of the young season.

The Warriors are still not an OQAA hockey team in terms of talent, but in terms of size and scrappiness, they could give quite a few teams a few bad nights. The loss of Kerr might mean that the Redmen won't recover from this night all season.

Varsity romps

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 11 — In a game in which the Redmen needed all the good breaks to come close, they got all the bad breaks and were crushed by the Toronto Varsity Blues 17-5 here Friday night.

A skeleton crew of 13 players, 9 of whom are in their first year of OQAA hockey, was quickly and completely deflated as the Blues took every opportunity to flatten their scoring totals.

Intercollegiate Standings

	P.	W.	L.	T.	F.	A.	Pt.
Toronto	5	5	0	0	42	22	10
Montreal	5	4	1	0	32	22	8
McMaster	5	2	1	2	22	21	6
Queen's	3	2	0	1	20	9	5
Western	3	1	2	0	12	16	2
McGill	4	1	3	0	15	34	2
Laval	5	1	4	0	22	25	2
Waterloo	3	0	2	1	15	21	1
Guelph	3	0	3	0	7	17	0

Strange sound reported by Redmen hockey fans

by DAVE RICHARDSON

Students who have been to the first McGill hockey games know that there is a new sound in the Winter Stadium this year. McGill fans and players are becoming increasingly puzzled at the mysterious appearance at each home game of a group of musicians wearing red and white tuques.

So far, musical experts have been able to distinguish "James McGill" and "Red and White Sweater" from the band's varied repertoire, but all other pieces remain an enigma. The theory is that it may be a new kind of music.

Not only this, but the group disdains to tell anyone who they are or where they come from.

Although it is rumored that the band's headquarters are somewhere near the Winter Stadium, about the only positive information anyone has is that from

four to thirteen of them are at every hockey game to spur on the team.

McGill students are invited to come and view this strange phenomenon at the next Redmen home game perched in the stand and producing its infamous sound. Free even.

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from Joe...
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A letter to the Sports Editor

Dear Sir,

As I trust you know — I certainly hope you do — Irving Layton and I have been engaged in a literary quarrel. Now, as explained in a letter to the Literary Editor, we have decided to settle our differences in the boxing ring. I hope this is of some particular interest, as it is not that often that the causes of sports and literature unite.

I might give you a little account of my qualifications as a fighter. Though by no means a heavyweight, I am quite strong and on occasion have done well in arm wrestling with my students. My great quality is my quickness and notably in my legs, which we know are the first thing to go in a fighter. Yes, I have tried hard to develop them and perhaps after this bout will be known as Rabbit-footed Robinson. (As you know Irving Layton's interest in his legs only extends as far down as his thighs.)

Should the literary result of this match come to be merely my epitaph (for I foresee all possibilities and leave the bragging to others) I should like nothing better than to have, "Fleet-footed, fleet-minded". I would suggest that Layton mull over an epitaph for himself, for it would be foolhardy of him to leave it to posterity.

Perhaps you will want to assign special reporters to cover our training programs, which you may expect to be intense. We owe it to literature.

Brian Robinson

CHALLENGE

The Engineers challenge the All-Scribe teams to a game of touch football some time in the New Year. The Scribe has accepted this challenge and promises to destroy the Plumbers, one and all.



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Waterpolo

Trophy eludes Redmen as teams end season

The Big Red waterpolo squad finished off the season on a successful note last Saturday by disposing of the Sir George team 9-3, despite a very lackluster display. A little put out by the fact that the Georgians switched the game from the Currie pool all the way down to CMR for no apparent reason, the Redmen quickly announced this fact by peppering the Georgian net in the first half to a 6-2 lead and then literally coasted the rest of the way. Single goals were scored by Andy Heap and Jim Glezos while Ian Elliot and Glenn Ruiter provided a three and four goal punch respectively. Congrats to Mike Schulz, Redmen's fine back-up goalie who, in spite of being visibly ill, came through with a great game, including an incredible save on a penalty shot.

TROPHY LOST

Unfortunately the week before the Redmen were not so successful as they lost to Toronto 5-3 in the game and 12-5 on the round thereby relinquishing the OQAA Herschorn Trophy which they were defending. It was a good game but the team just couldn't get uncorked and the five goal margin that the Blues retained from the first game was never headed. Jim Glezos scored a nice goal for the big squad while Glenn Ruiter chipped in with the other two. Credit must go to Larry Conochie, McGill's tremendous goalie who is too often neglected. He kept the game close and must be recognized as one of the finest goalies in the sport.

INDIANS

For the first time in many years, this season produced an Indians team which fared well with a 2-1-5 record, considering the fact that many of the players were rookies, both to the team and to the sport. They lacked organization which is to be expected but played remarkably well

toward the close of the season, so that of the five games lost, three were by one goal margins. Mike Florian, Eric Haites, and Steve Woloz played very well for the team as did Mike Schulz, who was the Indians' regular goalie and largely responsible for their success.

COACH SHILLER

The Redmen are very much indebted for their successful 10-4 season to their coach Gerry Schiller. A former McGill player, Gerry has a vast knowledge of the game. He taught the players how to play as a team and proved that it was necessary to play that way to win. Most important, he was able to inspire in the players the will to win and the desire to fight which is needed desperately in this tough game.

The only weak spot in the team was the inability to remain up for game after game which comes only with experience. The close game against East End became almost historic. A win would have compared with the football Redmen's knocking off the Tiger Cats.

BRAIN DROPS

by DAVE MCFARLANE

Sports Editor

Twos the night...

Twos the last day of publication in 1964. Exams were scheduled the following day but still the Sports Editor trundled down to his grubby office in the bowels of the Union, to carry out his self-inflicted duties.

Glancing at the pile of game reports and miscellanea in, on, and around his copy basket, he sat down behind his desk and pulled out a cigar and a beer to savour before things began to hum. Suddenly Earl threw his MOC feature on the desk and ran off to study, Jim took a whole page for himself (bless him), Lawrence begged for equal space for the hockey Indians but finally settled for a little blurb. Then Skinny came down to be obnoxious (just for fun) while Bernie called from the Library to say that he was sick in bed and could not turn in his basketball blurb.

But where was George, the desk editor? Good thing he called to find out whether the paper was publishing on Thursday or Friday. Scribe kept the telephone lines hot as he jockeyed for assurance that his column had not been tampered with. In bounded Sharon after Fine Arts to demand that the Women's Telegraphic Bowling results go in. As usual, she yielded to the Scribe.

Bunk, Bob and John were not to be seen but it was just as well with no room left. Thomas Bee checked up on skiing.

Finally, everything was set — heads written, copy marked up, cat's box changed. The Sports Editor heaved a sigh of relief as he envisioned a month of skiing, travelling and studying. Nothing was left to do but wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, which he did. (May they all survive the liquor strike.)

Civil Service Commission of the Province of Quebec

REQUIRES

ENGINEERS

for the following departments:

- 1 — Natural Resources
- 2 — Public Works
- 3 — Roads

Electrical, Civil, Mechanical and Metallurgical Engineering students graduating this year, interested in career in the Province of Quebec's public service are invited to apply for positions available to them after graduation.

Admissibility will be determined through interviews between applicants and officers of the above Departments and the Civil Service Commission.

Graduation will be a pre-requisite to applicant's obtaining positions.

Students interested in these careers may obtain application forms at The McGill Placement Service, where they may also register on the interviewing schedules. (Competition number 65-UNIV-12).

Interviews will be held at McGill University
on these dates:

DECEMBER 17 & 18, 1964



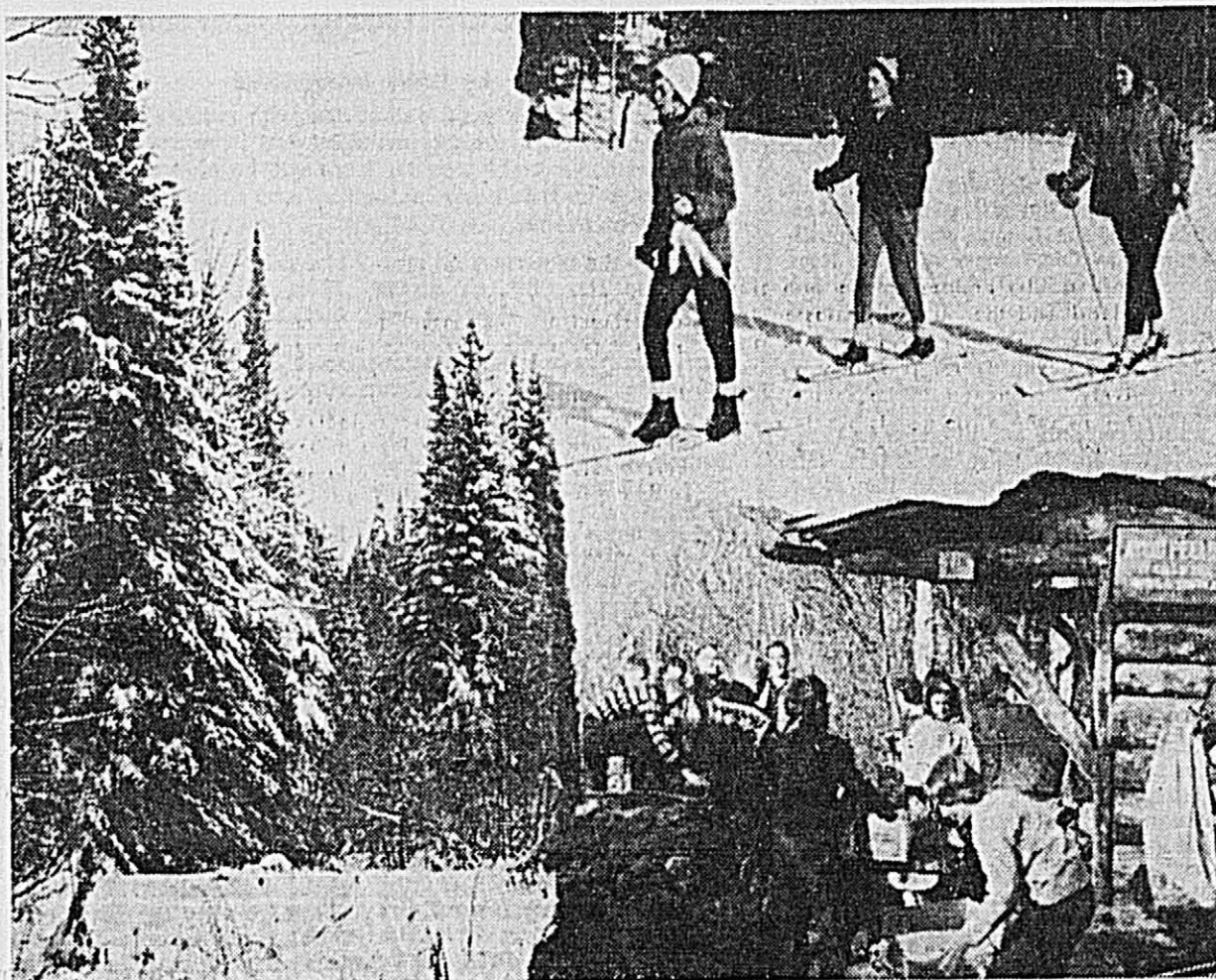
Interesting Facts About — GRADUATE STUDY AT McMASTER UNIVERSITY

- One student in eight at McMaster is a graduate student, studying for a master's or Ph.D. degree in an Arts, Science or Engineering Department.
- Most are receiving generous year-round Scholarship or Fellowship financial support.
- Most of those holding National or Provincial awards have also been granted supplementary University Scholarships or Assistantships.
- All are enjoying the many benefits of close individual guidance and regular personal consultation with their faculty supervisors, a situation made possible by a 1:2 Instructor-Student ratio.
- Many are participating in exciting and challenging new programs of interdisciplinary research in fields such as Chemical Physics, as well as in Biochemistry, Biophysics and Molecular Biology.
- All have the rare opportunity of extending their cultural and intellectual boundaries as members of a graduate student body that is half Canadian and half from foreign countries.
- Science and Engineering students have available to them the most advanced research facilities, such as the Nuclear Reactor.
- Most are gaining university teaching experience by participating in an Assistantship program.

Interested students should write for further information and application forms to

The Dean,
Graduate Studies Office,
McMaster University,
Hamilton, Ontario.

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD MOC



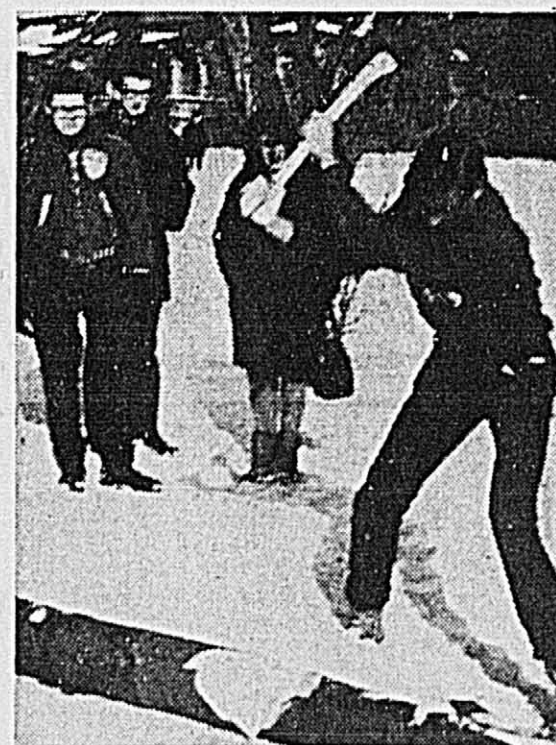
"Bumate mecum" — come along with me — is the motto of MOC. The many activities pictured above and elsewhere on this page attract upwards of 350 McGill students annually.



One of the more thrilling activities of MOC, mountain climbing attracts many enthusiasts each Fall. Here, fearless Barbara Macintosh scales Mount Condor (Val David), in our northern Laurentians.



A Sportsfeature
by
Earl Haltrecht
Sportsfeatures Editor



Axeman Ralph Buttrum at Macdonald College's annual Woodsman's competition. This year's extravaganza is set for early February, again at Mac.



Dave Rosenblatt (standing) and Al Hale sing out during last year's New Year's Eve party. Word has it that this year's annual New Year's festivities will again be held on Dec. 31, at the Club's Shawbridge House.

The how, why, where's of MOC...

WHAT does MOC stand for anyway?? Basically — fun, frolic, gaiety, adventure, a place for the haggard student to escape to when the going gets rough, relaxation... In fact, anything to do with the outdoors. For MOC stands for the 'McGill Outing Club'.

WHAT does MOC offer? A full and varied programme during the four seasons of the year. The main attraction seems to be the Club's house in Shawbridge, with accommodations for 25 girls (in the girls' house), and 45 boys (in the boys' house). Another of the Club's prize possessions is their truck which has travelled many a mile to a destination of fun.

For winter enthusiasts, downhill skiing (with free lessons for all), trail skiing (with the Club's own trails and skis), snowshoeing, winter camping, skating and co-ed hockey are offered. And don't forget about the Shawbridge House for those many ski-weekends and the upcoming Xmas holidays. For the socialities — folksinging, square dancing, and a New Year's party are the highlights.

Intown activities are centred around the Club's Aylmer Street lounge (3625 Aylmer

Street between Pine and Prince Arthur). A second home for many, the lounge is always open to those wanting to eat, talk, or just relax.

Mention should also be made of the vast friendships acquired by simply being an MOCer. It isn't uncommon to see many an American visitor at the Shawbridge House, or to plan a trip to a fellow American College Outing Club, through IOCA (Intercollegiate Outing Club Association).

HOW MUCH will joining cost the average poor McGill student? Next to nothing. A full day (24 hours) at the House costs only two dollars, and this includes a bed, three meals, and just about all the fun you could have.

HOW does one go about joining? A quick call to President Peter Kevan (844-4668) or to Rich Kendon (Treasurer) at 288-5342 is all that's needed.

WHY join MOC? Why, for fun, frolic, gaiety... it's cheap, non-competitive, recreational, friendly... In fact, FANTASTIC! And if you still don't believe this, just call Pete or Rich — they'll tell you the same thing!



Scribblemania

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Powered by a fervent horde of admirers who continually assist the Priceless Scribe in his chore of predicamenting by defaulting encounters, the Dynamic Duo composed of the stellar Queen of Crystal Balls, Sandy I, and the King of Predicamenters, Scribe I are well-equipped to promulgate further pearls of wisdom.

Now for the Scribe's pet league, namely Volleyball. Out of a possible 17 aspirants for the Championship, the list has been narrowed down to ten teams, i.e. if you have not had the pleasure of wasting the time of people, you are in the Playoffs. Simple... After considerable sessions of meditation, the Duo has come with the last three survivors which shall partake in the round-robin tournament. The Scribe's teams are hereby declared to be the G.G.'s; the Grunters, and the Confreres.

In Ice Hockey, the choice is Commerce beyond a shadow of a doubt. Sparked by "Climatic George", Payne, "Bouncy Bob" and nimble accident-free Jenkins, Commerce should steamroll to their second successive title and cup. A & S will probably square off in the finals of section one. In a previous encounter, the Plumbers (for the first time in eons, they possess mighty entries in all Leagues) tied A & S 2-2 but the ace predicamenteer shall effect a diplomatic revolution by calling the Plumbers over his native Faculty. Commerce should cream the Scribe's future place of abode, Law, in the other finals. Thus we call Eng vs Commerce in the finals with Commerce reaping all the Scribe's marbles.

The Floor Hockey League is divided into three sections. For the moment, with the Educators out of a playoff position, it appears that the Squares, the powerful Katz contingent and

the Shysters should make the Playoffs with the Nils creeping in. In Section II, the Alphas, the "butchers" of the League, should cop All-Scribe honours in this League with the Neos and Elasmos joining them. The Elasmos are weak but they have Flapping Rosie as the core and essence of their team. In Section III, Med III will have to stop the Wadester, Kenny, if they desire to win their League. The Duo does not think they put a halt to this spunky brawny player, who is certainly an All-Scribe in Floor Hockey. Placing all his chips on Kenny, this desk foresees a Dent success in the Floor Hockey League.

In Basketball, the Duo are confronted by sizzling entries who could easily thwart our aspirations. The Shysters paced by Luterman are solid on the front line but weak in depth. Fieldhouse is good but won't go far. The Bankers paced by Berger possess the same problem as Shysters — no depth. The Aardvarks with Ivany and Blanchette must be classed as sure semi-finalists. Pruiksmas should propel the Phycos to a semi-finalist position. The Eng representatives, the Epars, are the dark-horses of the League and could surprise quite a few fans, including the Scribe. The Alphas have speed in the persons of Fleming, Bernstein, and the eel, Koby. However, the lack of height will lead to their downfall. Consequently, the 1964-65 Champs shall be the Polymorphs. Possessing speed, height, experience, and depth with Bogo, Drammis, and the ageless but dynamic Bennie Shore.

All Frosh will be given the opportunity of partaking in the Scribe's Volleyball, Floor and Ice Hockey and Basketball Leagues. His horde may submit entries or register as individuals and more details can be obtained at the Gym c/o Tom Thompson.

Redmen skiers gather for upcoming season

by DAVE MCFARLANE

More than thirty ski enthusiasts with records in Laurentian zone competition have expressed interest in representing McGill this season. An eight member team will be picked on the basis of trials to be held early in January and staged in both Nordic and Alpine events.

Among the more notable prospects are Jim Clift, an Alpine skier who placed third in the Provincials last year; Alain Brassard, who fore-jumped the Intercollegiate jumping competition last year, outdistancing all the competitors by more than six metres; James Gardner from Calgary, who was runner-up in the Western collegiate cross-country competition a year ago; Ian Rose, who skied in Europe last year, winning the University combined championship in Switzerland and who is thinking of taking a run at the Skimeister award.

Ralph Mamen, who presently holds a Canadian National team nomination for cross-country, Khristiansen, runner-up in the Skimeister competition in last year's OQAA meet, and Pete Howlett who is regarded as the best downhill skier in the area, will also seek berths.

Although the hopefuls will not train as a group as such, two clinics, one at Carleton for Nordic and another at Quebec City for Alpine events, are scheduled. In addition, candidates who wish to train at Stowe during the Christmas holidays should see coach Thompson.

The team will be selected in January with a minimum of three meets in mind. The first will be the Eastern Intercollegiate Ski Association meet at

Norwich, Vermont on February 12-13, followed by the OQAA meet at Laval the next weekend. On March 5-6, the Senior EISA meet is scheduled at St Lawrence University. Qualifications for this meet will be held at Norwich.

Indians lose league opener

Last Wednesday, in the Indians' City Intercollegiate Hockey League opener, the squad was swamped 10-2 by a superior University of Montreal team.

The U of M contingent took charge early in the game and never looked back. They were ahead 3-0 after the first period, 5-1 after the second and rammed in five more goals in the final frame to run the count to 10-2. The Indians appeared disorganized throughout the tilt and simply could not get untracked no matter how hard they tried. Once again it was the forwards who were the main weakness. Their checking was atrocious, the play-making was sloppy and the few chances they had were messed up with poor shooting.

GOD'S KALEIDOSCOPE

2nd Printing

by

STEVE SMITH

McGill Poetry Series

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McGill University Bookstore